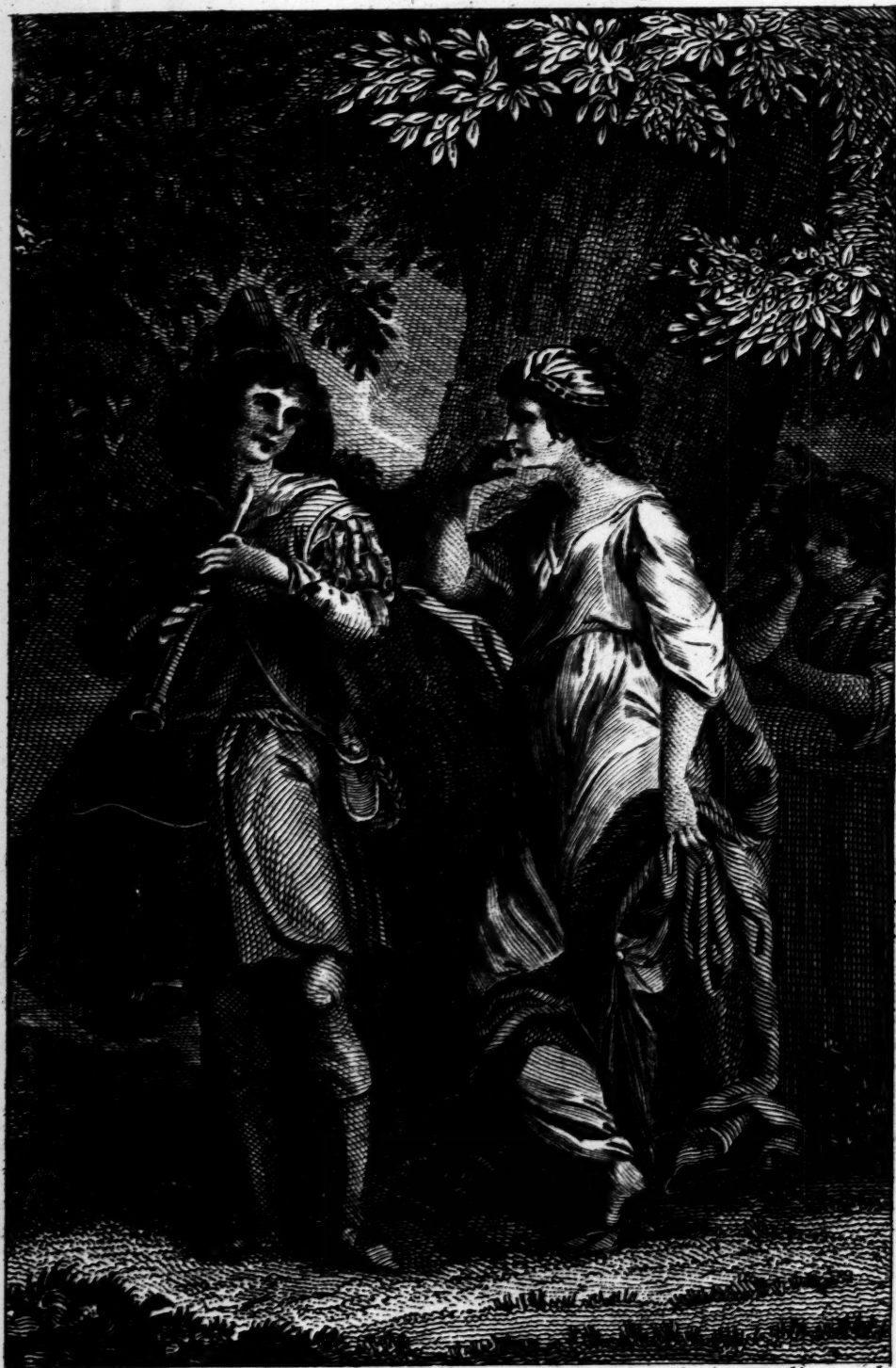


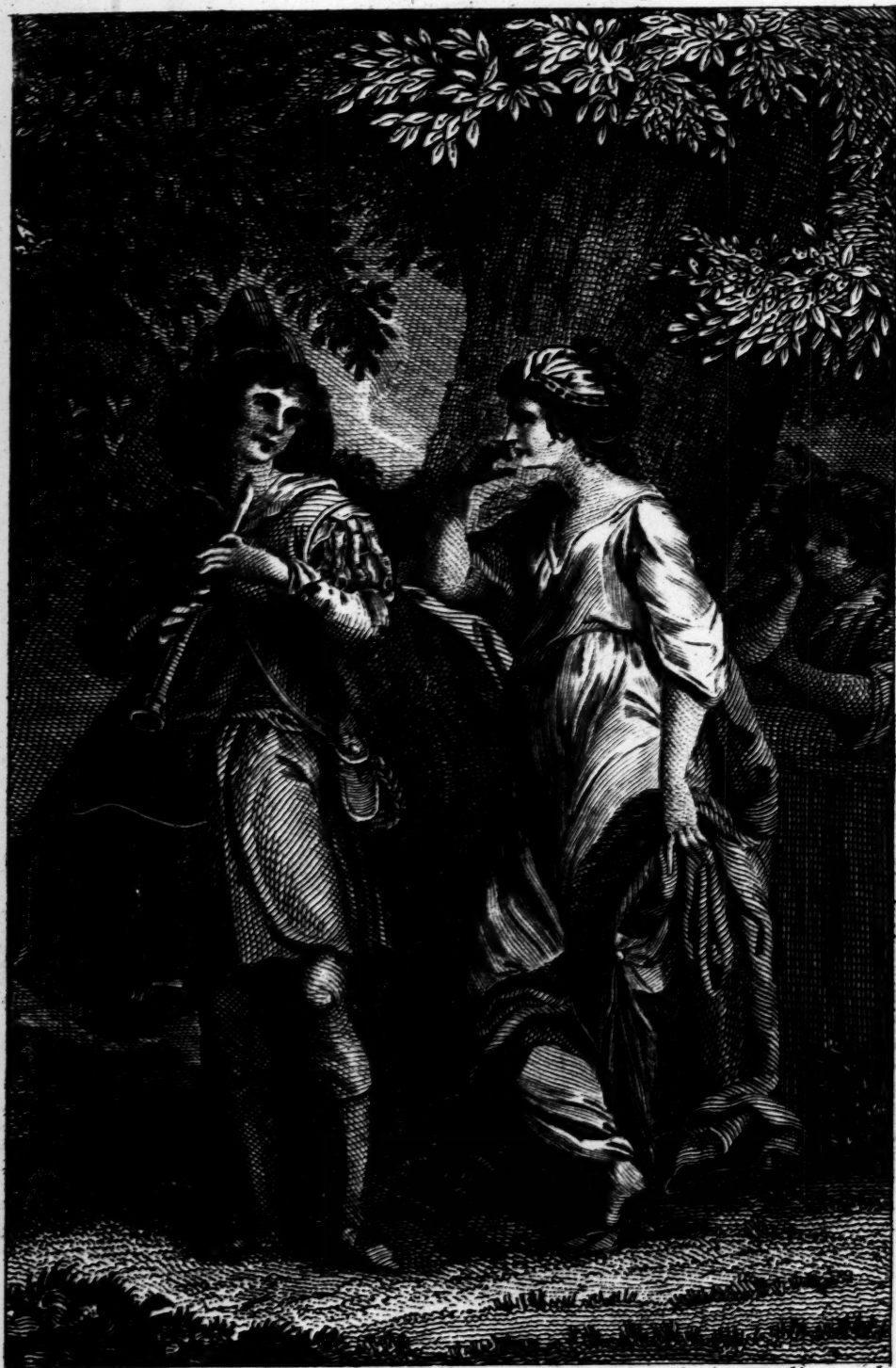
FRONTISPIÈCE.



Mortimer del.

Wooding sculp

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Mortimer del.

Wooding sculp

THE NEW
Vocal Enchantress
CONTAINING

An ELEGANT SELECTION of
all the Newest

S O N G S

Lately Sung at the
Theatres Royal

Drury Lane, | Royalty Theatre,
Covent Garden, | Vaux Hall,
Haymarket, | &c. &c. &c.

A New Edition for 1791.



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1877



P R E F A C E.

TH E following collection is a more general one than any other extant, selected, the Editor flatters himself, with that attention which will gain the public approbation. All the modern songs are included, with such of those of an earlier date, whose merit has stood the test of time, and which are generally sung in the politest companies. In this new edition will also be found many songs written on purpose for this work, and which of course are not to be found in any similar collection.

The main intent of song writing is to promote harmony and good fellowship; these principal ingredients to
sweeten

P R E F A C E.

sweeten the cup of life will be found in this collection in sufficient abundance. And whilst care has been taken to exclude any thing that may offend the ear of decency, humour and conviviality have not been neglected: so that the devotee of pleasure and mirth will here find matter of amusement, as well as the Bacchanalian and the man of sentiment. Particular attention has also been shewn to the fair sex, who in this selection will meet an agreeable companion for a leisure hour.

THE



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S O N G S.

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 128 Young William, I like you very well
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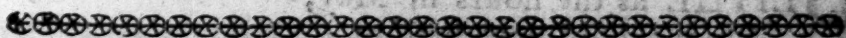
S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Kelly, in the Siege of Belgrade.

THE rose and the lilly their beauties combining,
Delight in adorning a form so divine;
Such charms to a peasant consigning,
Ah!—must I resign!

Forbid it ye powers! to Love 'tis a treason;
Yet Ambition assuming the semblance of Reason,
Commands me with scorn the mean thought to decline.

Wealth and Power, what are you worth,
To Pleasure, if you give not birth!
Rich in Ambition's gilded toys,
I barter them for real joys!



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in the Siege of Belgrade.

ALL will hail the joyous day,
When love his triumph shall display;
The dance shall mingle old and young,
The rustic pipe assist the song;

B

The

The sprightly bells, with welcome found,
Shall spread the happy news around,
And give a hint to maidens coy,
That youth they should not misemploy.

Yuseph will, with fullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied;
And as we trip with merry glee,
Wish himself as poor as we.

The sprightly bells, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Cook, in the Siege of Belgrade.

THE sapling oak lost in the dell
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops hopelefs o'er the exhausted soil.
At length the woodman clears around
Where e'er the noxious thickets spread;
And high from the reviving ground,
The forest's monarch lifts his head.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace, in the Siege of Belgrade.

BLITHE as the hours in May,
Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd Love's gentle sway;
They will return no more!
Every fond hope is lost!
No comfort can they bring
Winter's untimely chilling frost,
Destroy'd the infant spring,

Blythe as the hours, &c.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Siege of Belgrade.

MY plaint in no one pity moves
Save Echo, who in plaints replies :
Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd with the strain the hapless maid
Repeats the unavailing moan;
And while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

D U E T.

By Mr. Kelly, and Mrs. Crouch, in the same.

O F plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all Love dictates tell ;
Of restless thought that never slept,
Since when she bade farewell.
The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear :
So may the sympathetic soul,
Direct kind Fancy's wing
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's rewards shall bring.

D U E T.

By Signora Storace, and Mrs. Bland, in the same.

HASTE gentle Zephyr o'er the glade,
If there my love discerning,
Kindly with flutt'ring pinions aid
His weary steps returning.

So may the wings (their wanton play
 No scorching sun oppressing)
 Still gladly fan the sultry day,
 And prove the summer's blessing.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in the same.

LOVE they call a gentle passion,
 Boast its power to calm the breast;
 I prefer the jealous fashion;
 Sweets when dash'd with sour are best.
 While the ever-cooing doves
 In fond nonsense tell their loves;
 Scarce existing, nought desiring;
 Cloy'd with bliss, as well they may,
 They with langour half expiring
 Doze their stupid lives away.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, in the same.

HOW few know how to value life
 And taste it's real joys,
 Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,
 With anger, pride, and noise.
 Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me if they please;
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.

Limpid and pure life's current seems,
 Till Passion's wild mistake;
 In madness, troubles all the streams
 Of which he must partake.

Let

Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
And scorn me if they please;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
And lead a life of ease.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace, in the same.

WHAT can mean that thoughtful frown?
Why those eyes to earth cast down?
Tell me what amiss they see:
Let them kindly look on me.
La ra lal la!

What then would my dearest have?
Come indeed I will be grave,
And with melancholy face,
Calmly hear the piteous case.
La ra lal la!

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, jun. in the same.

HOW provoking your doubts! do you think I'm
a fool?
In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;
While ourselves and our neighbours
With guns, pistols, sabres,
Were cutting and flashing,
Mahomedans hashing.
But need I care for that—since time's on the wing
You see I am merry—you hear how I sing;
Tol de rol, &c.
You see I am merry—you hear how I sing.

That jade, Madam Lilla—that gipsy, afar,
Is jigging away to the Turkish guittar ;
While great smooth'd-chin'd fribbles,
With vile squeaking trebles,
Chaunt her praises, to cheer
That curst Seraskier !

'Till the handkerchief's thrown—but then what's
that to me,
It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.
Tol de rol, &c.
It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace, in the same.

DOMESTIC peace, my soul's desire,
The dearest bliss Fate could bestow,
At length to thee I may aspire ;
Misfortune's storms no longer blow :
Escap'd their ire, now safe on shore
I listen to the tempest's roar ;
And while the billows idly foam,
They but endear my long lost home.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Suetts, in the same.

SOME time ago I married a wife,
And she, poor soul, was the plague of my life :
I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were done,
But i' faith I find they're just begun.
'Tho' she's gone,
Still 'tis all one.
My troubles alas ! are just begun.

A magi-

A magistrate I next became;
 To be impartial was my aim.
 No distinction I made between great and small
 Plaintiffs, defendants, I treat'd them all.
 Great and small, treat'd 'em all.
 Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em all.

In praise of honesty, I've heard
 As policy 'tis much prefer'd,
 Then if 'tis best in life's repast,
 The daintiest dish, I'll taste the last.

Honest at last,
 Tir'd of the past,
 Perhaps as a change I may try it at last.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Kelly, in the same.

LOVE and honour now conspire
 To rouse my soul with martial fire.
 Holy prophet, hear my prayer,
 Give me once more the charming fair.
 The Austrian trumpet's bold alarms
 Breathe defiance to our arms.
 Fir'd with ardour to engage,
 Give me to dare the battle's rage,
 When groans that shall be heard no more,
 Echo! to the canons roar.
 Death stalks triumphant o'er the field; I am not
 On every side the Christians yield.
 Still conquest doubly blesses
 The lover-foldier's arms;
 In prospect he possesses
 Complying beauties' charms.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the Woodman.

IN the World's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
Was—a smile from the girl of my heart!

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be blest
With—a smile from the girl of his heart!

Come then crosses, and cares as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is—a smile from the girl of his heart!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall, in the same.

ZEPHYR, come thou playful minion,
Greet with whispers soft mine ear!
Hence! each breeze of ruder pinion,
Tell me I have nought to fear!

Gently, Zephyr, wing him over,
Tho' I ne'er behold him more;
With the breath of some young lover,
Waft him to his native shore!

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the same.

ON Freedom's happy land
My task of duty done,
With Mirth's light-hearted band
Why not the lowly Woodman one?

Tho' Fortune's smile our groves forsake,
Mirth may be left behind;
For wealth can neither give, nor take
This treasure of the mind!

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

Come, Cheerfulness, with blithesome gait,
Trip by the peasant's side;
While Care—in cold, and sullen state,
Sits on the brow of pride.

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the same.

THERE's something in kissing—I cannot tell
why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast
high:

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again!

Though a kiss stop my breath, oh ! how little care I,
Since a woman at some-time or other must die !

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again !

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Huntley, in the same.

WHEN first I slipp'd my leading strings—to
please her little POLL,

My mother bought me at the fair, a pretty waxen
Doll;

Such floe-black eyes, and cherry cheeks, the smiling
dear posselt,

How could I kiss it oft enough—or hug it to my
breast ?

No sooner I could prattle it, as forward Misses do,
Then how I long'd, and sigh'd to hear—my Dolly
prattle too ;

I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, and dress'd her
very gay,

And yet the sulky hussy not a syllable would say.

“ Provok'd, that to my questions kind, no answer

“ I could get,

“ I shook the little hussy well—and whipp'd her
“ in a pet :—

“ My mother cry'd, Oh fie upon't—pray let your
“ doll alone,

“ If e'er you wish to have a pretty baby of your
“ own !”

My head on this I bridled up, and threw the play-
 thing by,
 Altho' my sister snubb'd me for't—I know the reason
 why—
 I fancy she would wish to keep the sweet-hearts all
 her own,
 But that she sha'n't, depend upon't—when I'm a
 woman grown!

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall, in the same.

SWEET inmate—SENSIBILITY!
 How pure thy transports flow,
 When even grief that springs from thee,
 Is luxury in woe!
 Without thee—where's the sigh of love,
 Or blush by grace refin'd?—
 Where Friendship's sacred tear to prove
 The triumph of the mind?

Rondeau — Sweet inmate, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Williamson, in the same.

MY heart is as honest, and brave as the best,
 My body's as found as a roach;
 Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,
 Nor stuck up my nob in a coach:
 If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
 My sacks with her riches to fill,
 Why surely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame—
 And not honest *Bob of the Mill*.

My breast is as artless, and blithe as my lay,
 From my cottage Content never flies ;
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
 And I know how to value the prize :
 Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her
 hand,
 The world it may wag as it will ;
 I defy the first 'Squire, or Lord of the Land,
 To dishonour plain *Bob of the Mill* !

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the same.

OH ! Life's a gay forest, like merry Sherwood
 Tantara, my boys !
 Abounding with fish, flesh, and fowl, that is good ;
 These are your joys !
 When the soft mountain-roe
 Is skipping—soho !
 Or tripping—teigho !
 It will happen so !
 This—this is the time, if it's well understood,
 For the sport of that forest—dear merry Sherwood !

In such forests where game will for ever arise,
 Tantarra, my boys !
 We may chace ev'ry light-footed pleasure that flies ;
 These are our joys !
 Slyly then mark the doe,
 That's skipping—soho !
 Or tripping—teigho !
 It will happen so !
 For the well-flavour'd ven'son, dear me ! is so good,
 That is shot by an arrow in merry Sherwood.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the same.

YOUNG women should shun tittle-tattle ;
Like fun-dials, never should prattle ;
Just tell what they're ask'd and be still ;
But girls are so idle,
Their tongue they won't bridle,
So gallop it goes like the clack of a mill.

We gentry you never hear rattle
Like furies engag'd in a battle :
Of talking we soon have our fill :

But girls are so idle, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the same.

O H, fear not, my courage, prov'd over and over !
Your soldier will rout each impertinent lover ;
With a row-dow ! I'll guard you—the foe shall your
presence fly,
Who to fall in love here—must have tumbled, faith,
pretty high !

With wide-spreading charms, like the *Lake of*
Killarney,
Dear creature, oh ! listen to none of their blarney.
With a row-dow, &c.

Your true-hearted lad is come galloping to you :
Oh ! the *Salmon leap's* nought to his flight to pursue
you.

With a row-dow, &c.

Your

Your short date of beauty—your glib tongue contrasting,
Like our own *Giant's Causeway*, will prove everlasting!

With a row-dow, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the same.

BY her own lovely self, that's my choice, and
delight;
By that form I could gaze on from morning to night;
By that bosom, so prettily veil'd from my sight,
I swear to adore the dear creature!

I swear to adore, &c.

By the smiles on that cheek, I could ever caress;
By the stars, which her forehead so brilliantly dress;
By those lips, which—my own pair would willingly
press,

I swear to adore the dear creature!

I swear to adore, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in the same.

OH tell me, *Memory*! no more,
What woe in banishment was mine—
What pain this lab'ring bosom bore,
Compell'd its treasure to resign!

But tell me, *Memory*—more kind,
The envy'd transports I regain;
Record them on my grateful mind,
That not a sorrow may remain!

Chorus.

Chorus.

Tune the pipe, and strike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands ;
This is not a time for labour,
While young Joy on tip-toe stands !

Mr. Quick to Miss Dall.

Justice bids me now besit you,
Blind to all your roguish charms ;
So I'll certainly commit you —
To an honest husband's arms !

Tune the pipe, &c.

DUET.—Mr. Incledon, and Miss Dall.

Fearless now our vows are plighted,
Hence the clouds of sorrow fly !
Love, and Constancy united,
Thus restore a tranquil sky.

Tune the pipe, &c.

DUET.—Mrs. Martyr, and Mr. Blanchard.

Blanch.—*Martyr*—mind you love me dearly !
Martyr.—Never fear if you are true :
Blanch.—Scolding, } I shall take but queerly,
Martyr.—Chiding, }
Both.—Sulky fits will never do !

Tune the pipe, &c.

Mr. Johnstone.

Marriage faith's a pretty notion,
If you could but change a wife ;
But a soldier loves promotion —
Not a warm campaign for life !

Tune the pipe, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Bannister.

'Though my Woodland thus you plunder,
Of the sweetest plant that grew;
At the loss I cannot wonder—
May it better thrive with you.

Full Chorus.

Tune the pipe, and strike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands ;
This is not a time for labour,
While a young Joy on tip-toe stands !

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Goodall, in the Battle of Hexham.

THE mincing step, the woman's air,
The tender sigh and soften'd note,
Poor Adeline must now forswear,
Nor think upon the petticoat.

Since love has led me to the field,
The foldier's phrase I'll learn by rote ;
I'll talk of drums, of sword and shield,
And quite forget my petticoat.

When the loud cannon's roar I hear,
And trumpet's bray with brazen throat ;
With blust'ring then I'll hide my fear,
Lest I betray my petticoat.

But ah ! how slight the terrors past,
If he, on whom I fondly doat ;
Is to my arms restor'd at last ?—
Then give me back my petticoat !

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the same.

WHAT's a valiant hero ?
Beat the drum,
He'll come—Row de dow, &c.

Nothing does he fear, O !
Risks his life,
While the fife — — —
Twittle, twittle, twero ;
Row de dow, de dow,
Twittle, twittle, twero.

Havock splits his ear O !
Groans abound,
Trumpets found ;
Ran tan, tan ta, rero,
Twittle, twittle, twero.

Then the fears he'll bear O !
Musquets roar,
Small shot pour ;
Rat a tat, too, tero,
Pop, pop, pop,
Twittle, twittle, twero.

What brings up the rear O ?
In comes Death,
Stops his breath,
Good-by valiant hero !
Twittle, twittle, rat a tat ;
Pop, pop, pop ; Row, de dow, &c. &c.

SONG.

C A T C H.

Sung in the same.

(Tune——Buz, quoth the blue-fly.)

LURK o'er the green-sward;
Mum let us be;
Lurk, and mum's the word
For you and me!

Thro' the brake, thro' the wood, prowl, prowl
around;
We watch the footstep, with ears to the ground.
Ears to the ground.

G L E E.

By J. W. Calcott, M. B.

Sung in the same.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman;
And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale, call'd blue-cap;
The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

3408

Usque-

Ufquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale;
 The Welchman had like to've been choak'd with
 a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Moss, in the same.

MY tight fellow-foldiers, prepare for your foes,
 Fight away for the cause of the jolly red rose;
 Never flinch while you live, should you meet with
 your death,

There's no fear that you'll run, you'll be quite out
 of breath;

Then be true to your colours the Lancasters chose,
 And the laurel entwine with the jolly red rose.

Then be true, &c.

He who follows for honour the drum and the fife,
 May perhaps have the luck to get honour for life;
 And he who for money makes fighting his trade,
 Let him now face the foe, he'll be handsomely paid.

Then be true, &c.

The fight fairly done, my brave boys of the blade,
 How we'll talk o'er our cups of the havock we've
 made!

How we'll talk, if we once kill a captain or two,
 Of a hundred more fellows, that no body knew!

Chorus.

Then my tight fellow foldiers prepare for your foes,
 And the laurel entwine with the jolly red rose.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss George, in the Enrag'd Musician.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring newly born,
 Herself loves to adorn,
 With flowers that blooming buds ;
 In chearful lays,
 Come sing in the praise,
 Amidst the pleasant vale ;
 Of those that choose
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Still carry the milking pail.

 When cold bleak winds loud roar,
 And flowers spring no more,
 The fields lately seen,
 So pleasant and green,
 By winter all-candied o'er ;
 Oh how the town lass, looks with her white face,
 And her lips of deadly pale !
 But it is not so,
 With those that go,
 Thro' frost and snow,
 With cheeks that glow,
 To carry the milking pail.

 The miss of courtly mould,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With washes and paint,
 Her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old :
 Whilst she in *commode*, puts on a cart load,

And

And while cushions swell her tail,
What joys are found,
In russet gown,
Young, plump and round,
And sweet, and sound,
Along with the milking pail!

SONG AND CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

In the Battle of Hexham.

First Villager.

DRIFTED snow no more is seen,
Blust'ring winter passes by;
Merry spring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody:
I hear him!---hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

Second Villager.

When the golden sun appears,
On the mountain's furly brow;
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy, behold them now.—
Then, then,---Oh, hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

Third Villager.

When the village-boy to field,
Tramps it with his buxom lass;
Feign she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets her tumble on the grass:

Then,

Then, then, Oh hark!
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

Fourth Villager.

What are honours? What's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honour lies in cudgel sport,
Our brightest court a greensward ball.
But then, — Oh hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the same.

(Tune — Moderation and Alteration.)

I N an old quiet parish, on brown, healthy, old
moor,
Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold is
wore,
With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar;
And I uncork'd the old sherry — that I had tasted
before;

But it was in moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants was
the head,
And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate, and
chipp'd the brown bread:
If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.

But this was in moderation, &c.

But

But we had a good old custom when the week did
begin,
To shew by my accounts, I had not wasted a pin;
For my Lord, though he was bountiful, thought
waste was a sin,
And never would lay out much, but when my lady
lay-in.

But still it was moderation, &c.

Good lack! good lack! how once Dame Fortune
did frown!
I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to
town;
Worn quite off my legs in search of thumps, bobs,
and cracks on the crown;
I was fairly knock'd up, and very near fully knock'd
down.

Alteration! Oh! it was a wonderful alteration.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,
Like Cymon, motionless I stood;
'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,
So lovely, beautiful, and good;
Her cheeks out-blush'd the rip'ning rose,
Her smiles would banish mortals' woes,
So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,
Her breath Arabian spices feign,
For her, like ore, would av'rice wander,
Adventure all the prize to gain:
I told my love with many fears,
Which she return'd with speaking tears,
Then sigh'd the village maiden.

Sh

She sigh'd because she had no riches,
 To make her lady-like and gay ;
 Tho' virtue was her only portion,
 I dar'd to name the wedding day.
 The care of wealth let knaves endure,
 I shall be rich and envied sure,
 To gain the village maiden.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
 Across yon verdant plain,
 Young Harry said he'd see me home,
 A tight, a comely swain ;
 He begg'd I would a fairing take,
 And wou'd not be refus'd ;
 Then ask'd a kifs, I blush'd and cry'd
 I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid,
 I mean no harm, I swear ;
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd,
 For you, my charming fair ;
 But if my tenderness offend,
 And if my love's refus'd,
 I'll leave you—what alone, cry'd I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
 He warmly urg'd his suit,
 But still to all he said I was
 Most obstinately mute.
 At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
 My fondness is abus'd ;
 Then die a maid—indeed say I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Introduced in the performance of the Agreeable Surprise,
at Lord Sandwich's Theatre.*

Written by a gentleman of Cambridge.

A Blooming flower my Chloe chose,
Her lovely breast to deck,
Less fragrant than her breath the rose,
Less beauteous than her cheek.

A bee, attracted by the flow'r,
The honey flew to sip;
He left the charmer of an hour,
And perch'd on Chloe's lip.

Too soon my fair one felt the smart,
She struck the spoiler down;
While gentle pity rul'd her heart,
Rage taught her brow to frown.

"Have mercy, lovely maid," said I—
"The trembling thief forgive!
"If all who thee adore must die,
"O think how few would live!"

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

THE tuneful lavrocks cheer the grove,
And sweetly smells the summer green;
Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

C

When:

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
Or wander o'er the lea;
He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair, as flow'rs in May,
The blithest lad o' the green;
How sweet the time will pass away,
Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi joy I leave my father's cot,
Wi ilka sport of glen or green;
Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit, &c.

XX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.

BESIDE the burn the other day,
I tun'd my simple sang;
Young jockey, tripping, came that way,
And play'd his pipe alang:
Upon the bank he took his seat,
And fain a kiss would steal;
I rose, and quickly did retreat,
Yet ken he loo's me weel.

Dear Peggy, then the loon he cry'd,
Do not my suit disdain;
Or treat w' scornful airs and pride,
An honest hearty swain:
I've ewes and lambs that graze the mead,
To truth I can appeal;
They shall be yours, sweet lass, indeed,
If you will loo me weel.

The

The shepherd look'd and talk'd so sweet,
 Gude faith he won my heart;
 For pit-a-pat, I felt it beat;
 To frown I had no heart.
 Mefs John the happy knot has ty'd,
 Content is mine I feel;
 There canna be a happier bride,
 Because he loo's me weel.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

NO sooner enter'd in my teens,
 A gay unthinking lass,
 Above all former rural scenes,
 I priz'd my looking-glass;
 There vanity my face display'd,
 And lifted high my pride,
 I thought, no doubt, my form was made
 To be some 'squire's bride.

Sometimes a self-opinion's right,
 And goes no little way;
 The 'squire view'd me with delight,
 And crown'd me Queen of May:
 I smil'd, I blush'd, I hung my head,
 When first he join'd my side;
 Yet to myself I softly said,
 I'll be the 'squire's bride.

From thence he woo'd me soon and late,
 At church, and market too;
 But when he begg'd I'd be his mate,
 What could a virgin do?
 'Twas folly sure, to say him nay,
 He wou'd not be deny'd;
 Then fix'd the wedding day,
 And I'm the 'squire's bride.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss George.

THE sun shone pale on mountain snow,
While morn unbarr'd her gate;
Wak'd by his beams, Maria rose,
To mourn her hapless fate;
In piteous sounds of deepest woe,
Which echo'd thro' the vale,
Soft as the rising blush of morn,
Or Zephyr's fragrant gale.

All night her shroud before her past,
The owl cry'd, and raven too;
At eve Maria breath'd her last,
And prov'd these omens true.
Her spirits now in heaven repos'd,
Which here sad vigils kept;
Whose wounds on earth were never clos'd,
Whose sorrow never slept.

Yet ere I bid my last adieu,
While in thy clay-cold bed;
Accept the tear of friendship true,
Which o'er thy grave I shed:
While life remains, thy hapless lot,
In mem'ry e'er shall live;
Mayst thou in heav'n those blessings prove
Which earth could never give.

S O N G.

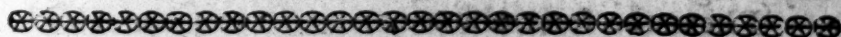
Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Virgin Unmask'd

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My

My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday,
 He took his leave of me, and so went away ;
 The very next time that I did him see,
 He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me ;
 I asked his name, he made this reply,
 'Tis T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

My father possess'd of five hundred a year,
 And I am his daughter and only heir,
 Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me I fear,
 If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.
 Says he, if you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,
 A husband I'll make you both tender and kind ;
 And now to the church, my dear, let's repair,
 Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.

They went to the church, and were married, they say,
 And went to the father the very same day ;
 Saying, honour'd father, we tell unto thee
 That we are M, A, R, R, I, E, D :
 With that the old codger began for to stare,
 You've married my daughter, and only heir ;
 But since it is so, to it I comply
 With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble, in the Benevolent Planters.

IN vain to me the hours of care,
 When every daily toil is o'er ;
 In my sad heart no hopes I find,
 For Oran is, alas ! no more.

Nor sunny Africa could please,
 Nor friends upon my native shore ;
 To me the dreary world's a cave,
 For Oran is, alas ! no more.

In bow'rs of blifs, beyond the moon,
The white man fays, his sorrow's o'er;
And comforts me with foothering hope,
Tho' Oran is, alas! no more.

O come then messenger of death,
Convey me to the ftarry fhore;
Where I may meet with my true love,
And never part with Oran more.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.

AT gay fixteen, my lovers came,
With flattering tongues, and hearts in flame,
As thick as fhowers in June;
But of a little beauty vain,
I laugh'd, and told each dying fwain,
Indeed, 'twas much too foon.

Year after year, in fcorn went by,
Rejecting ev'ry am'rous figh,
I kept the fame old tune;
Go, shepherd, with difdain, I cry'd,
'Tis time enough to be a bride,
Indeed, 'tis much too foon.

At twenty-five—full time to wed,
My lovers nearly all were fled,
I alter'd then my tune;
Shepherd, faid I, I've chang'd my mind,
I've thought the matter o'er, and find,
I cannot wed too foon.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

The Words by Lady W. Montague.

WHILE Strephon thus you teaze me,
To say what won my heart;
It cannot, sure, be treason,
If I the truth impart

It was your generous nature,
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay;
It shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming,
'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright;
'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,
Nor beauty's dazzling light.

No—it was your generous nature, &c.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,
Nor shape that won my heart;
'Twas not your tongue combining,
For that might please by art.

No—it was your generous nature, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

THE sable clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark carols sweetly on high;
Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
See the sun-beams are gilding the sky:

The huntsman he throws off the hounds,
The horn winds a tedious delay;
And the heart of each sportsman elated rebounds,
In expecting the summons for hark, hark, away.

Hark! a burst gives the signal for chace,
Thro' woodlands we dashing pursue;
While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
'Till the huntsman proclaims him in view:
Now his strength and his cunning a mort,
See the dogs seize in triumph their prey,
While the death of the game, gives fresh life to the
sport,
The echoes re-echoe with hark, hark, away.

Now for Liberty-hall we repair,
To replenish the joys of the field:
Where good-humour combines with the fare,
And the wife smiles obedience to yield:
While the bottle and bowl both unite,
To vie with the sports of the day;
Let bumpers go round, to the sportsman's delight,
And all join in the chorus of hark, hark, away.

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Edwin, at the Theatre Royal, in the
Hay-market.*

(Tune—Stony Batter.)

HE Y for buckish words, for phrases we've a
passion,
Immensely great and little once, were all the fashion;
Hum'd, and then humbugg'd, twaddy, tippy, poz
All have had their day, but now must yield to quoz

Walk

Walk about the street, each time you turn your head,
fir,

Pop, staring in your phiz, is Q, U, O, and Z, fir;
Cries madam dip to deary, 'tis monstrous scandalous,
To write on people's shutters, that shameful nasty
quoz.

Once it was the barber, for every thing that's right,
The shaver knock'd the barber quickly out of sight;
Now we've got a new word, how invented 'twas,
If you ask, I'll tell—my answer, fir, is quoz.

The hobby horse of late we rode about with speed,
For drinking, wenching, gaming, was the word indeed;
Then maccaroni, bore, and rage, never sure the like
was,
Yet all that sort of thing, gave way to little quoz.

Tipfy, dizzy, muzzy, sucky, groggy muddled,
Bosky, blind as Chloe, mops and brooms and fuddled;
Florrid, torrid, horrid, stayboz, heyboz, layboz,
Words with terminations, not so good as quoz.

But when quozzy came, tippy, bore, and twaddle,
Bucks of blust'ring fame cou'd not keep their saddle;
One attempts to rally—bully quiz it was,
But by nightly fally, deals him little quoz.

There's a jack to roast your meat, a jack to hold your
liquor,
Jack upon the green, to amuse the vicar;
Jacks of various sorts—Jack's a quiz, because
Jack gives way to gill, and so does quiz to quoz.

Some may think it French, some may call it Latin,
Some give in this meaning, others will give that in;
Mean it what it will, or sense or non compos,
The meaning, I should think, the meaning must be
quoz.

Suppose we say 'tis drinking, suppose it means a dinner;
 Suppose a methodist, suppose a wicked finner;
 To finish my suppose, suppose I make a pause,
 I've hit it now—'tis thank ye—and so good people
 quoz.

S O N G.

*Sung by Miss Romanzini, at the Theatre Royal, Drury
 Lane, in the Island of St. Marguerite.*

THERE stood poor Jonas at the window,
 All in tears—crying—fighing—Oh,
 Says I, who's that below?

What do you want, good fisherman?
 Dear Mrs. Nannette, indeed it is no fin,
 Open the window, love, and let poor Jonas in.

No, master Jonas—no——

No, master Jonas—no——

No fisherman.

Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,
 Marching off in a huff, with a pouting Oh,
 Then 'tis time to make my bow——

The sooner the better, good fisherman.
 Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word ere you leave me;
 Won't you stop—well, to-morrow, I hope, you'll re-
 ceive me!

No, master Jonas---no——

No, master Jonas---no——

No fisherman.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace, in the Haunted Tower.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou
 gone!

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.

Say---

Say---by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
 Ah! no, no; I judge it by my own.
 The heart he gave with so much care,
 Which treasur'd in my breast I wear,
 Still for its master beats alone,
 I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

S O N G.

*By Mr. Kelly (in the man in the iron mask) in
 the same.*

FROM dreary dreams, I wake to woe,
 And all around,
 Where'er I turn my anguish'd ear,
 Where'er mine anguish'd eye-balls roll,
 In all their varied shapes of fear,
 The vision'd horrors haunt my soul.

But ah, methought across the gloom,
 A lovely ray
 Of light angelic seem'd to play;
 'Twas Carline's form that blest'd my sight,
 And bade a cheering beam of hope,
 A cheering beam of hope my darting breast illumine.

Oh, wretched, wretched doom!
 Is this my regal chair?
 This dungeon all the wide domain,
 O'er which I hop'd one day to reign?
 Yet hope, sweet hope, the wretch's friend,
 Delights to cheer the prison gloom,
 And here, e'en here, forbids despair.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kelly.

FROM hope's fond dream tho' reason wake,
In vain she points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful spells my steps command.
The bird thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and admiring dies.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

NATURE, to women still so kind,
Among her best boons bestowing;
What every female sure must find,
A wondrous desire to be knowing.
Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning;
Descries in us, what he prides in himself,
The wish, for whatever's worth learning.

A C A T C H.

By Mr. Williames, Mr. Suett, and Mr. Dignum.

A S now we're met,
A jolly fet,
A fig for sack or sherry;
Our ale we'll drink
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wondrous merry.

Merry,

Merry, my hearts---merry, my boys,
We'll sing with a hey down derry,
The baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wondrous merry.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

MY native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my love I left behind.
Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind,
Then shall I not lament the day,
When my love I left behind.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace.

BE mine, tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.
In vain thy influence fools may revile,
Constancy ever gains thy smile.
And of their destiny can those complain;
Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane?
Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;
Thy sweet rewards, oh love, to gain.
Then let me combat not in vain;
But in my triumph share
Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

SONG,

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Storace.

L O V E from the heart, all its danger concealing,
Reason they say, the fond spell can remove;
But blifs kindly stealing,
Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.
For should you betray me, your falsehood perceiving,
Too well do I love you, the peril to shun:
So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving;
Oh! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

F R O M high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.

Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
My rich mistress fain would be
Just as poor as Cicely.
From high birth, &c.

S O N G.

W I D E thro' the azure blue and bright,
Serenely floats the *Lamp of NIGHT*;
The waves forgetting how to roar,
The citron groves wave down no more;

Each

Each breeze suspended, seems to say,
Now LELINE, for thy Roundelay.

My DELIA's lips are clos'd in rest,
Ah! was her pillow but my breast:
Go, dreams, one gentle word impart,
In whispers place me near her heart;
While at her window I will lay,
And soothe her with my Roundelay.

But see! a paler, softer shade!
The glimmering Stars retiring fade;
Sleep on, lov'd FAIR, nor ever feel
The cares which forms like thine reveal:
Adieu! The Morn is on his way,
And silences my Roundelay.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Ching Chit Quaw.

Sung in the Pantomime of the Mandarine, at Sadler's Wells.

The Words by Mr. Lonsdale.

First Chinese Girl.

NING chew nang, po ning ning kang,
hay ning.

2d Girl. Chew nang, po ning, ning kang hay,
Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching
chit quaw, ching.

Chick a ching, a chick a ching, a ching
chit quaw;

Clown. You sing so well, I should like to play
With your chick a ching, chick a ching,
ching chit quaw.

With your chick a ching, a chick a ching,
a ching chit quaw.

2d Girl.

2d Girl. Shu shank king, quang ho, ho shung tong,
Shu shang king, quang ho, ho shung tong.

1st Girl. Ching, chick a ching, a chick, a chick,
ching' chit quaw ;
Ching, chick a ching, a chick a ching, a
ching chit quaw.

Clown. I'll kifs them both before 'tis long,
With their chick a ching, chick a ching,
ching chit quaw.

1st Girl. Ming chew hang, tew ming, ming tang ki
Ming chew hang, tew ming, ming tang ki.'

2d Girl. Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching
ching chit quaw ;
Chink, chick a ching, a chick a ching, a
ching chit quaw.

Clown. Oh! if that's the case—I am off—good bye—
To your chick a ching, chick a ching,
ching chit quaw.

2d Girl. Whang fong, sham shung, quang whang,
ping fu,
Whang fong, sham shung, quang whang,
ping fu.

1st Girl. Ching, chick a ching, chick a ching, ching
chit quaw,
Ching, chick a ching, a chick a ching, a
ching chit quaw.

Clown. The devil wou'dn't have such wives as you,
With your chink a ching, chink a ching,
ching chit quaw.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Jun.

In the Character of Jonas, in the Island of St. Marguerite.

O H dear, oh dear, no hopes for Jonas,
Alas! thou sigh'st in vain, poor Jonas,
Nannette's hard heart doth Jonas hate;

Ah, thank thyself for thy fate,
Ah, curse on thy logger pate:
Was ever such a wretched dangler,
Thou need'st the patience of an angler!
With rod and line, to wait, and wait,
Ah, Nannette never will be thy mate,
No, she's too cunning, to bite at thy bait.

I've learn'd to spear or tickle a trout,
But, alas! in love, I'm but a lout;
An oyster cross'd in love may be,

Ah, 'tis all in vain I see,
Ah, Nannette is not for me.
Cou'd I but catch her in my net,
I'd teach the haughty Miss Nannette,
No more to call me, thou booby,
Ah, Jonas, Jonas, she laughs at thee,
'Cause Jonas can't say his A. B. C.

S O N G.

The Tear.

M Y heart from my bosom wou'd fly,
And wander, oh, wander afar;
Reflection bedews my sad eye,
For Henry is gone to the war.

Oh

Oh ye winds, to my Henry bear
One drop, let it fall on his breast,
The tear as a pearl he will wear,
And I in remembrance be blest.

In vain smiles the glitt'ring scene,
In vain blooms the roseate flow'r;
The sun-shine in April's not seen,
I have only to do with the show'r.

Oh, ye winds, &c. &c.

Ye winds that have borne him away,
Restore the dear youth to my arms;
Restore me to sun-shine and day,
'Tis night till my Henry returns:

Oh, ye winds, &c. &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Summum Bonum.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

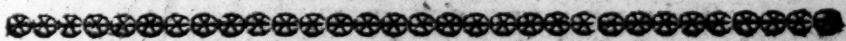
GIVE me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,
Whose magical power can banish all care;
Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,
The soother of sorrow, and blessing of life.
The schools about happiness warmly dispute,
And weary the sense of the phantom pursuit:
In spite of their maxims, I dare to define
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
And opens the lock of the miserly heart,
While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul,
O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll,

Each

Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy,
 And fancy rides post to the regions of joy.
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry sore,
 The oft'ner we taste it, we love it the more;
 Then he who true happiness seeks to attain,
 With spirit the full flowing bumper must drain:
 And he who the Court of fair Venus would know,
 Undaunted, thro' Bacchus's vineyard must go.
 In spite of dull maxims I dare to define
 The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall,

NO more from fair to fair I'll rove,
 A convert now to love I prove,
 And boast my constancy;
 I pensive sigh beneath the shade,
 While thus resounds the echoing glade,
 Adieu ma liberté.

No more with pipe or jocund song
 I now attract the list'ning throng,
 With merry wanton glee;
 Alone I sigh for Chloe's charms,
 And musing cry with folded arms,
 Adieu ma liberté.

Yet wou'd the smiling fair approve,
 My fond desires, my constant love,
 How happy should I be,
 With jocund song each grove should ring,
 With joyful heart wou'd Strephon sing,
 Adieu ma liberté.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Fontenelle, in the Highland Reel.

THO' I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For want of better I may do,
To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too;
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
And tho' not too much of me, I'm right good stuff;
Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
I never was afraid to see my man.

I'm a chickabiddy, fee,

Take me now, now, now,

A merry little he

For your row-dow-dow?

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh! there's my joy,
With my knapsack at my back, like a roving boy.

In my Tartan plaid, a young soldier view,
My fiddlebag and dirk, and bonnet blue,
Give the word, and I'll march where you command,
Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.

My Captain, when he takes his glass,

May like to toy with a pretty lass,

For such a one I have a roguish eye,

He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chickabiddy, fee, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad-sword I long to begin,
Cut, flash, ram-dam, oh! glorious fun,
For a gun, pip-pop, change my little pop-gun.
The foes shall fly, like geese in flocks,
E'en Turks I'd drive, like turkey-cocks;
Wherever quarter'd I shall be,
Oh! zounds how I'll kiss my landlady.

I'm a chickabiddy, fee, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.

Written and Sung by Mr. Collins, at the Royalty Theatre.

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a
mystery,
If we jumble together, music, poetry and history,
The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess, fir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless,
fir,

Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess,

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and
Armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs and their blustering
bravadoes;
For we knew how to manage both the musket and
the bow, fir,
And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
crow, fir,

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, fir,
Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd,
fir,
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob,
fir,
That the hangman was starving for want of a job, fir,

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs ty'd round about the
neck fast,
Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef steaks for their
breakfast,

While

While a close quill'd-up coif their noddles just did fit,
 fir,
 And they trufs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit,
 fir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
 fir,
 With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
 beaux, fir;
 Strong beer they prefer'd too to claret or to hock, fir,
 And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef,
 fir,
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, fir,
 While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and the
 plough, fir,
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
 fir,

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice, at least, to
 church, fir,
 And never left the parson nor his sermon in the lurch,
 fir;
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
 good in,
 And they thought it a Sabbath-breaking, if they din'd
 without a pudding.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
 were great, fir,
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
 state, fir,

For

For the sovereign and the subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives,
fir,

Bright examples of glory to those who survive, fir;
May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways, fir,
That King George, like Queen Bess, may have his
golden days, fir,

And may a longer reign of glory and success
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Highland Reel.

WHEN I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very sad,
When I'm sober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

With my fal lal tiddle tum,
Likewise toodle teedle tum,
Not forgetting tither ii
And also folderoodle um.

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap;
And when romping with a girl,
By accident I—tear a cap.

With my fal lal, &c.

Gadzooks!

Gadzooks ! I will never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me.

With my fal lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and sound, and plump and fat,
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, fir, for that.

With my fal lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Like good pappy I must learn,
 To dandle Jackey on his knee.

With my fal lal, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini, in the Doctor and Apothecary.

YE hours that part my love and me,
 And flow with envy creep,
 The dawn of bliss obscur'd by clouds
 Of doubt, in vain ye keep.

Still I thro' sorrow's tedious night
 Hope's friendly star discern ;
 On that I fix my anxious eye,
 Until my love return.

By Jealousy's pernicious power
 Unrainted are my sighs :
 Confiding in my Juan's truth,
 My fondest wishes rise.

Still I thro' sorrow's tedious night, &c.

SONG.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

SWEET blushing flow'r! awhile
Breathe soft incense on the air,
Yet thy balmy dew's distil,
And be the gard'ner's pride and care!

Yet a little charm the sense,
Yet a moment fix the eye,
Then, for thy short pre-eminence,
Be ravish'd from thy stock, and die!

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

DEAR native scenes, fair Seville's towers,
That rear your antique spires so high,
Your awful groves and fragrant bowers
Fond memory traces with reverted eye;

And hope, of all that train remaining
Which once gay youth and pleasure led,
At every pause of my complaining,
Points to your vales belov'd, and sacred shade:

D

AIR.



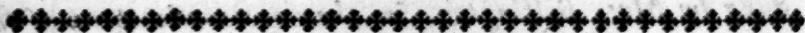
A I R.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

THE god who form'd our wretched race,
In pity clos'd the book of fate,
Forbad with impious search to trace,
The ills—that all alike await.

Ah! wherefore burst the friendly shade,
Which shuts the future from our sight,
And tear the veil, by mercy spread,
To shield us from a painful light!

Full soon shall time, so seeming slow,
With noiseless steps his course fulfill,
And call to birth each destin'd woe,
Each embrio grief, and ripen'd ill.



A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

TO be true to the man they admire,
Is a virtue, all women alike have—
When pleasure and duty conspire,
Our conduct's as plain as a pike staff:

But at once to detest, and be true too,
Another to love, and resist him,
Is on wives too tyrannic a duty,
To be practis'd by Turk, or by Christian.

AIR.



A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

HAVE you not seen an infant's prize,
In vain its snowy pinions beat,
That tipp'd with gold, and Tyrian dyes,
Are only guilty of its fate?
With cruel kindness, to her breast
The thoughtless nymph her captive presses;
That tortur'd still, and still caress'd,
Breathes out its little life in kisses.

Such is, in faithful lines, pourtray'd
The story of the woes I prove;
So wretched woman is betray'd
By beauty, and undone by love!

With cruel kindness, &c.



A I R.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

FAIR liberty! whom heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves;
And put off all it meant for slave
With orange bow'rs and citron groves!
The children of the frozen north,
Where nature half her gifts retains,
Are doom'd to tame the churlish earth,
For tasteless fruits, and tardy grains;

Yet while their weary task they ply,
By thee their fainting souls are cheer'd!
No stern unfeeling lord is nigh,
No rods are seen, no chains are heard!

Still as they guide the delving plough,
Or bind pale Autumn's scanty store;
To thee, their manly lives they vow,
To thee, their grateful strains they pour!



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the comic opera of the
Prophet.*

WHEN I wash a mighty little boy,
Heart-cakes I made, and pepper-mint drops,
Wafers and sweet-chalk I us'd for to cry,
Alicompain, and nice lollipops.

Nexst I made rollers for the macs,
To curl deir hair, twash very good—
Rosin I painted for sealing-wax,
And forg'd upon't *Wel brand en vast boud.*

Then to try my luck in de alley I went,
But of dat I soon grew tir'd, or wiser—
Monish I lent at fifty per cent,
And wash I. H. in de Public Advertiser.

De nexst thing I did, was a spirited prank,
Which at a stroke my fortune made,
For I happen'd to write so like the cashiers of de bank,
De clerks didn't know de difference, and de monish
was paid.

So having sheated the Gentiles, as Moses commanded,
I began to tremble at every gibbet I saw,
So I got on board a ship, and here I am landed,
In spite of judges, counsellors, attorneys and law.

AIR.

A I R.

Sung Mr. Bannister, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

WHAT cares surround a monarch's brow,
And weigh the splendid sufferer down;
Known victim of each public woe—
And silent martyr of his own.
With the bright circle of a crown,
Around our temples, grief we bind;
And press beneath the royal gown
The vulture that devours the mind.

For us no social bosom heaves,
No sympathetic sorrows roll;
But faith, prescrib'd with friendship, leaves
A dreary solitude of soul—
The ills of life alone we taste,
Thus insulated from our race!
Preside with famine at the feast,
With misery have the power to bless.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

HOPE, treach'rous meteor, lucid vapour!
Ever flying,
Still belying
The village taper—
Wand'ring pilgrims—lone, benighted,
Thy blue falsehood, pleas'd, descry;
See the cheerful faggot lighted,
Think the social cottage nigh—

Lambent fire, deceive, but harm not;
 Pallid gleam, relume, but warm not—
 Light no error in my breast,
 Sooth my weary soul, but charm not;
 Unrelenting,
 Unconsenting,
 Swearing never to be blest.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

SOMETIMES, 'tis said, the spirits of the blest
 Float on the buoyant bosom of the air;
 And watch with aid divine, the maid distressed,
 The hermit's wand'ring step, or midnight pray'r!
 With penfile minstrelsy the heaven they fill—
 With harps unseen the starry roofs resound;
 While from their sacred extasies distill
 Peace to each care, and balm to every wound.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the comic opera of the Prophet.

WHAT are the boasted joys of love!
 By danger won, in fear possess'd,
 There scarce is leisure in the breast,
 'ts wish-for state to prove:

How short the hours of bliss we know!
 By toil forerun, by terror prest!
 The heart was never truly blest,
 That did not tremble too!—

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Farmer.

NO more I'll court the town bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty;
 For native charms without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect and duty.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple;
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.

Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common;
 Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.

Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Let thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.

Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Farmer.

TO hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!

When the Captain appears in my view;
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, my dear, how d'ye do.

The dickins, says I, here has popp'd him,
 He thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best curt'sy I dropt him;

With an air then he took off his hat;
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart parted!
 He ask'd for a kiss, which I granted,

And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, fir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,

And then on his knee he flopp'd down;
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

S O N G.

Louisa.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And Nature's self was hush'd to sleep,
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
Louisa sought the boundless deep.

On a lone beach, in wild despair,
She sat, recluse from soft repose,
Her artless sorrows rent the air,
So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought,
Her love, her Henry would return,
When, ah! the fatal news was brought,
The sea was made his wat'ry urn.

Sweet maids who know the pow'r of love,
You best can tell what she must feel,
Who, 'gainst each adverse fortune, strove
The tender passion to conceal.

The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,
While madness ran thro' ev'ry vein,
Poor mourner! sought from death relief,
And frantic plung'd into the main.

The heav'ns in pity saw the deed,
The debt the fair one paid to love,
And bade their angel guard proceed,
To bear Louisa's soul above.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Farmer.

L OVELY ladies, sprigs of fashion,
Smile the youthful hour away;
Welcome now the tender passion!
In my sunshine I made hay.
Musty age forbids soft wooing,—
What themselves are past the doing.

But sage reason
To each season
Pleasures suiting,
Age recruiting,
By full glasses
Tho' life passes,
Wine restores the lamp of day.

RECITATIVE.

The sun's love potion
Just hits my notion,
To set in ocean;
Next morn rise, shewing
A broad face glowing,
In youth, my girl; in age, a glorious flask,
So live—so die—is all I ask!



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the comic opera of the Highland Reel.

A T dawn I rose with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day,
That could this blessing give to me,
Now joy is fled away,

Jenny!

Nor

Nor flocks, nor herds, nor stores of gold,
Nor house, nor home have I;
If beauty must be bought and sold,
Alas! I cannot buy,

Jenny!

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So priz'd, a smile from thee;
True love alone our hearts shall bind,
Thou'rt all the world to me,

Jenny!

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient, meek,
My lily drops a tear;
Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek
Soft peace and comfort here,

Jenny!



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Strangers at Home.

WHEN first I began, fir, to ogle the ladies,
And soft nothings to say, as a pretty fellow's
trade is:

Whilst with rapturous praises I dwell on each feature,
If I stole a fly kiss—'twas fye, you wicked creature;
But soon in tones lower and softer and sweeter,
Half-pleas'd they would whisper—fye, you wicked
creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
Each evening new conquests to conquests succeeded;
Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should parry,
To settle them all I resolv'd, faith, to marry;
And press'd lovely Laura, in language still sweeter,
'Till blushing she whisper'd—I'm your's, you wicked
creature.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Farmer.

CHARMING village-maid,
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine;
For gold is dross to me,
Ev'n nature's beauties fade,
If not enjoy'd with thee,
My charming village-maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care,
Your lambs to feed and fold,
The dog-star's heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold:
Or such my lot should be,
At harrow, flail, or spade,
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
My charming village-maid.

This morn, at early dawn,
I had a hedge rose wild,
Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,
'Twas sportive nature's child!

To grace my gay parterre,
Transplanted from the glade,
Sweet emblem of my fair,
My charming village-maid.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Farmer.

GAD-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me;
 Like a May-pole round me clutter,
 Hanging garlands—fufs and flutter!
 Lirting, cap'ring, grinning, smirking,
 Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking;
 Kates and Betties,
 Polls and Letties,
 All were doating, gentle creatures,
 On these features.—
 To their aprons all would pin me.

Gad-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me.
 Pretty damsels, ugly damsels;
 Black hair'd damsels, red hair'd damsels;
 Six feet damsels, three feet damsels;
 Pale fac'd damsels, plump fac'd damsels;
 Small leg'd damsels, thick leg'd damsels;
 Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd, six feet, three
 feet,
 Pale fac'd, plump fac'd, small leg'd, thick leg'd,
 dainty, dowdy;
 All run after me, fir, me;
 For when pretty fellows we,
 Pretty maids are frank and free.
 For their stays taking measure
 Of the ladies, oh the pleasure!
 Oh, such tempting looks they gi' me!
 Wishing of my heart to nim me;
 Pat and cry, you devil Jemmy!
 Pretty ladies, ugly ladies, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Farmer.

COULD I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsully'd descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

S O N G.

*The Junction of Bacchus and Venus.**Sung by Mr. , at Vauxhall.*

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
 And love at his shrine gay libations to pour;
 And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,
 For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires.
 Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,
 My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold;
 For the sweetest of junctions, that mortals can prove,
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold?
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
 If good port fill your glass, and lov'd Kitty's your toast;
 And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
 If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree;
 For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,
O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart
Ten thousand sweet joys, which they can't have apart.
Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,
And your hearts will in unison beat to my song;
That the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

S O N G.

Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

SAY, have you in the village seen
A lovely youth, of pensive mein:
If such a one has passed by,
With melancholy in his eye,
Where is he gone, oh! tell me where?
'Tis Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

Last night, he fighting took his leave,
Which caused me all the night to grieve;
And many a maid I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me;
But heav'n knows my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so;
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me;
Then death shall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

DUET!



D U E T.

Sung by Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Martyr, in the Farmer.

MR. EDWIN.

MY dear Mem, how you clack away,
King George's English hack away;
Go press your cheefe,
And feed your geese,
Tuck up your duds and pack away.

MRS. MARTYR.

Then hop my pretty pet along,
And down the dance lead Bet along,
But Rundy's stick
Your back shall lick,
You saucy monkey, get along.

MR. EDWIN.

Ma chere ami, tout autre chose,
Tho' gentlemen of bully knows,
Oh, nothing yet,
Before my Bet,
I kick a shin or pull a nose.
Your love is incompatible,
Since I am not come-at-able !
For dance we're ripe,
D'ye hear the pipe
And tabor, how rat-tat-able !

BOTH.

Your love is, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

I CANNO' like ye, gentle fir,
 Altho' a laird ye be;
 I like a bonny Scottish lad,
 Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away! haud away!
 Wi' Jamie o'er the lea
 I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
 He's as the world to me!

I've gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee
 To cheer the lonesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
 He's frolick as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
 The lintwite swells her throat;
 But never are sa sweet, sa clear,
 As Jamie's tunefu' note.

Haud away, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

BY the oziars so dank,
 As we sat on the bank,
 And look'd at the swell of the billow,
 This basket he wove,
 As a token of love:
 Alas! 'Twas the branch of the willow.

Now

Now sad all the day
Thro' the meadows I stray,
And rest flies at night from my pillow !
The garland I wore
From my ringlets I tore,
Alas ! must I wear the green willow ?



S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the Comic Opera of
Marian.*

WHEN little on the village-green,
We play'd, I learn'd to love her :
She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art
I try'd each day to move her :
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast
I chose—an infant lover ;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest
To give to Patty Clover.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Iliffe, at Vauxhall.

WHEN rural lads, and lasses gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
When round the Maypole on the green,
The rustic dancers all are seen ;
'Twas there young Jockey met my view,
His like before I never knew ;
He pip'd so sweet, and danc'd so gay,
Alas ! he danc'd my heart away.

At

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
He plac'd him next me on the ground,
With harmless mirth, and pleasing jest,
He shone more bright than all the rest.
He talk'd of love and press'd my hand,
Ah ! who cou'd such a youth withstand ?
Well pleas'd, I heard what he cou'd say,
Alas ! he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
While rapture sparkled in his eye ;
So winning was his grace and air,
He might the coldest heart ensnare ;
But, when he ask'd me for his bride,
I promis'd soon and soon comply'd :
What nymph on earth cou'd say him nay,
Alas ! he stole my heart away.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

RESTRAIN'D from the sight of my dear,
No object with pleasure I see ;
Tho' thousands around me appear,
The world's but a desert to me.
In vain is the verdure, the verdure of May,
The trees dress'd so blooming, so blooming and gay ;
The birds tho' they whistle, they whistle and sing,
Delight not while Damon's away.

Reclin'd by a soft murmur'ing stream,
I weeping disburden my care ;
I tell to the rocks my fond theme,
When Echo but soothes my despair.

In vain is the verdure, &c.

Ye streams, that soft murmuring flow,
Convey to my love ev'ry tear ;
Ye rocks, that resound with my woe,
Repeat my complaints in his ear.

In vain is the verdure, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Farmer.

LOOK'E, dear ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
 Nattibus hey! tippity ho!
 In my shoe I wear a string,
 Tied in a black bow, so.

Cards and dice! I've monstrous luck!

I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,

Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck.

Lantherm swalh kee vi.

I've a purse well stock'd with—brass,

Chinkity hey, tinkity ho!

I've good eyes, but cock my glass,

Stare about, squintum ho!

In two boots I boldly—walk.

Pistol, sword, I never baulk,

Meet my man, and bravely—talk,

Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart cockade,

Puppydum hey, struttledum, ho!

From High-park to the Parade,

Cocky my cary kee.

As I pass a sentry box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Each about his musquet knocks,

Rattledum slap, to me!

In the Mall, ma'am gives her card,

Cashedy me, kissady she!

Sit before the stable yard,

Leg—orum lounge a-row!

Pretty things I softly—say,

When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,

Yes, says I, and walk—away,

Pennybusf tartum, ho!

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,

Frickasee hey! trickasee ho!

There fine French I learnt to speak,

Grinnibusf skiptum ho!

Slap

Slap French clack about, *hauteur,*
Neuette chef d'œuvre, bon douceur,
En bon point, quel tout mon cœur,

Fiddledce foll, hee, hee !

Rotten row my Sunday ride,
 Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho !

Poney, eighteen-pence a side,
 Windgall, glanderum, ho !

Cricket I fam'd Lumpy nick,
 Daddles, smouch Mendoza lick :

Up to ah ! I'm just the kick,

Allemande capr'um toe !

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the Comic Opera of the
 Farmer.*

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er
 the lea :

But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's
 bill,

My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill :
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy, that whistled o'er
 the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the
 pelf,

I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
 myself :

Whatever's good for—me, sir, I never will oppose ;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my
 noes.

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a
 peer. In

In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy, that whistled o'er
the lea.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bowden, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

TO the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the
hill

Let the hounds meet the sweet breathing morn ;
Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and shrill,
Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn :
What music celestial ! when urging the race,
Sweet echo repeats " To the chace, to the chace !"
Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour !
Sweet health and quick spirits attend ;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.
See the stag just before us ! He starts at the cry ;
He stops—his strength fails—speak my friends—must
he die ?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say
Let him bound o'er his forests again.
Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain,
Let him live—let him bound o'er his forests again.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

HOW can I forget the fond hour,
When Edward first offer'd his heart !
At eve, on the green, in the bower,
I trembled for fear we should part
You left me, dear Edward, forlorn,
When night sent the shepherds to rest,
I watch'd the first streaks of the morn,
I saw you return and was blest !

SONG.



S O N G.

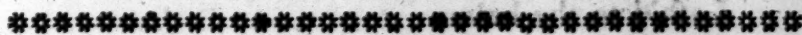
Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

YE happy pairs, sincere and kind,
'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd ;
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yondor cottage on the dell.

How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs !
Her's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
When constancy's all-cheering ray
Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy step at morn,
Swift passing o'er th' unbending corn ;
All other pleasures weakly move,
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears !
How blest the life which love endears !
When truth informs the glowing cheek,
O, love ! thy transports who can speak ?



S O N G.

Written by Mrs. Crepigny, and sung at her Fete at Camberwell.

YOU ask me, my friend, what of life's the best
end ?

And bid me the question revolve,
But the point, you must own, is so hard to be known,
'Twill take-up some time to resolve.

When the brisk glass goes round, and our spirits
abound,

Say what with the bottle can vie ?
Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wishes possess,
For that all our wants will supply.

But the sportsman won't yield the delights of the field,
When hallowing the vallies resound ;
As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each vein,
He swears no such joy can be found.

When

When the lover hears this, he vows that all bliss
Dwells with her who possesses his heart :
That to live in her sight is extatic delight,
But 'tis death's cruel pangs when they part !

Then in short, my dear friend, it must come to this end,
To each of these pleasures repair—
Take the sportsman's delight, let the bottle invite,
And crown both with the charms of the fair.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love !

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide ;
In varied shapes, when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost native shore :
No more the main,
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
I then with thee,
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love !

SONG.

S O N G.

Vive la Bagatelle.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Lady of the Manor;

IN vain the grave and wise,
The thoughtful and the sage,
Would teach us to despise
The joys that suit our age.
Youth's the season to be gay,
Then smile each beau and belle,
To joy we'll give the day,
Ah!—Vive la bagatelle.

The laughing hours invite,
To sport while young and gay,
With love and soft delight,
Our minutes pass away;
Old age and care, they say,
O'ertake each beau and belle,
Who'd meet such foes half way?
Ah!—Vive la bagatelle.

S O N G.

The Mansion of Peace.

Sung by Mr. Harrison, at the Queen's Concert.

RECITATIVE.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing,
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring:
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

E

AIR.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom has stray'd,
 I'll seek to replace it with art ;
 But no—'twill her slumbers invade,
 I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.

Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known,
 'Twas Daphné that gave thee that place,
 Then ne'er from thy station hadst flown :
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Sestini, in the Maid of the Mill.

THE fields were gay, and sweet the hay,
 The gypsies sat upon the grass ;
 Both lad and lass by you were fed,
 'Twas all to cheat poor silly lads.

Whene'er we meet, with kisses sweet,
 The speeches soft you did impart ;
 The hawthorn bush should make you blush,
 'Twas there you did betray my heart.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Leoni, at the Royalty Theatre.

WAS there ever a spark
 So confounded as I ;
 How I blush in the dark,*
 And I cannot tell why.

* It is a ludicrous dark scene in the piece from whence this song is taken,

Tho'

Tho' my life were at stake,
 I for ever am shy,
 Now unable to speak,
 And I cannot tell why.

Day or night it's the same,
 I am ready to die —
 Love's the cause of my shame,
 And I cannot tell why.
 There are lovers I know,
 Who all dangers defy;
 But I blush even so,
 And I cannot tell why.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johannot.

I'VE known what 'tis to face a foe,
 Where death has laid his hundreds low,
 What 'tis fatigue to undergo,
 That might appall our nature:
 Yet never was a truth more clear,
 That man in danger's least in fear,
 Whose heart can shed a generous tear,
 T' relieve a fellow creature.

I've seen stout hearts, of whom one wave
 Has in a moment made a grave,
 Whose lives not all the world could save;
 Then things affect our nature:
 But not so much as when the heart,
 Some ray of comfort to impart,
 Swells up a generous tear to start,
 T' relieve a fellow creature,

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in The New Peerage.

FROM the light down that mocks the gale,
The linnet culls his stores ;
From each wild flower that scents the vale,
The bee a balm explores.

With nature's truest sense endu'd,
And conscious of alloy,
In every gift they find a good,
And every good enjoy.

Feeling's vain child, alone assign'd
To doubtful, wav'ring power,
With sighs can chill the summer's wind,
With tears can blight the flower.

It's only dang'rous gift, ah ! why
Did heaven to man impart ;
And bid each treach'rous sense supply
A venom for his heart.

S O N G.

The new Four and Twenty Fiddlers.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row,
Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row ;

There was fiddle faddle, and ummi dimme double
damme demi semi quibble down below ;—'Tis
my lady's holiday, therefore we'll be merry.

Four

Four and twenty harpsichords all on a row ;

There was slow time, quick time, common and triple time, in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, &c.

Four and twenty ladies all on a row ;

There was tittle tattle, prittle prattle, do you take in the World ? No, I take in the Public ; with slow time, &c.

Four and twenty washerwomen all on a row ;

Up to their elbows in fuds, with prittle prattle, tittle tattle, taking in the World and the Public, with slow time, &c.

Four and twenty parliament men all on a row ;

There was majority and minority, in argument and reason, without any treason, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all on a row ;

There was deed of conveyance with a settlement in tail, with majority and minority, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all on a row ;

There was Oh ! I hate all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance and settlements in tail, &c.

Four and twenty box-lobby loungers all on a row ;

There was in at half price in whole boots, a disgrace to all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance, &c.

Four and twenty auctioneers all on a row ;

There was who bids more ?—a very pretty lot, just
a going, in at half price with whole boots, a disgrace
to, &c.

Four and twenty committee-men all on a row ;

There was impeachment of East India governors,
charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, who
bids more ?—a pretty lot, just a going, in at half
price with whole boots, a disgrace, &c.

Four and twenty Lingo's all on a row ;

There was Moses, Homer, Judas and Wat Tyler,
with charges of high treason and misdemeanors,
who bids more ?—a pretty lot, just a going, in
at half price with whole boots, a disgrace to all
male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance
and settlements in tail, majority and minority,
arguments and reason without any treason, tittle
tattle, prittle prattle, up to their elbows in fuds,
taking in the World and the Public by slow time,
quick time, in concord, unison and discord, with
fiddle faddle, &c.

S O N G.

Mary of the Dale.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

'T WAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
When evening steals upon the sky,
When lovers seek the silent bow'r,
Young William taught the grove to sigh :
His heav'nly form and beauteous air
Were like the flow'ry vale,
Yet did he sigh, and all for love
Of Mary of the Dale.

When

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,
O'er rising hill and fertile lawn,
To sigh and weep his cares away :
Tho' he had charms to win each fair,
That dwells within the vale,
Yet did he sigh, and all for love
Of Mary of the Dale.

The merry dance, the cheerful song,
Could now no more a charm impart,
No more his hours glide smooth along,
For grief lay heavy at his heart :
His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
Was like the primrose pale,
Sighing he died, and all for love
Of Mary of the Dale.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

I am not Twenty.

Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the grove, the other day,
I gang'd so blithe and bonny ;
Who should I meet upon the way,
But my true lover Johnny ;
With eager haste
He clasp'd my waist,
And gave me kisses plenty ;
Tho' I deny'd,
And thus reply'd,
Dear lad—I am not twenty.

What's that to me, the shepherd cry'd,
You're old enough to marry ;
Then come, sweet lass, and be my bride,
No longer let us tarry ;

But let's begone
 O'er yonder lawn,
 Where lads and lasses plenty
 Are fill'd with joy,
 And kifs and toy,
 Altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,
 And gang'd wi' him so rarely ;
 With song and pipe he did prevail,
 He won my wishes fairly :
 Oh ! he's the lad
 That makes me glad
 With kisses sweet in plenty :
 So I declare,
 By all that's fair,
 I'll wed, tho' not quite twenty.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Rosy Fair.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Freemasons Hall.

ARISE, my rosy nymph of May,
 And with your Colin early stray,
 To taste the new-morn air ;
 The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,
 To hail you with a bridal song,
 Then rise, my Rosy Fair.

Twelve moons are past this May-day morn,
 Since you, beneath the white blown thorn,
 Avow'd to me, I swear,
 That this same hour you'd kindly yield ;
 By ev'ry flow'r that decks the field,
 You vow'd, my Rosy Fair.

No

No longer then such blifs deny,
 But with your Colin's suit comply,
 That he may ever wear
 That gentle, kind and wish'd-for chain,
 Which is to bind your faithful swain,
 My charming Rosy Fair.

The nymph she hasten'd to her love,
 With joy he led her to the grove,
 And fragrant was the air;
 The linnets tuneful perch'd the spray,
 And warbled forth their dulcet lay,
 To hail the Rosy Fair.

Then soon they join'd the rural train,
 In sportive dance they tripp'd the plain,
 To Hymen's temple, where
 The golden chain's connubial band
 To Colin bound the lilly hand
 Of his sweet Rosy Fair.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

BY moon-light, on the green,
 Where lads and lasses stray,
 How sweet the blossom'd bean!
 How sweet the new-made hay!
 But not to me so sweet
 The blossoms on the thorn,
 As when my lad I meet,
 More fresh than May-day morn.

Give me the lad sae blithe and gay,
 Give me the Tartan plaidy;
 For, spite of all the wile can say,
 I'll wed my Highland laddie,
 My bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
 His een are bonny blue,
 Like rose-bud sweet his mou',
 When wet with morning dew.
 Young Willy's rich and great,
 And fain would ca' me his,
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling blifs?

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd fae blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And could na' fay him nay.
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth,
 Reward a love fae chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.

Give me the lad, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark, from the woodlands the loud swel-
 ling horn
 Invites to the sports of the chace,
 How ruddy, how bright, and how chearful the morn,
 How healthy and blooming each face.

To the grove with Diana, I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn,
 The hounds are all out hark, hark forward, away.
 While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health still attends thro' the sports of the field,
O'er mountain and valley we go;
The joy of the chace, health and pleasure can yield,
No wishes beyond it we know.

To the grove, &c.

Our innocent pastimes each virgin may share,
And the censure of envy defy,
While Cupid soon follow'd by grief and despair,
The blessing of youth would destroy.

To the grove, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Lovely Anna.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

WHEN lovely Anna first I view'd,
Amid the num'rous throng;
Fearful my heart should be subdu'd,
I thus address'd my song—
Sweet Son of Beauty, now forbear
Thy bow to bend in vain;
Not once enchain'd to all that's dear,
My freedom I'll maintain.

With scornful look, the youth reply'd,
Can nought those charms inspire?
To such the Gods would be ally'd,
Perfection all admire.
He straight let fly an arrow keen,
A chasm wide was op'd;
Soft pleasure flow'd, I view'd her mein;
To gain her, all I hop'd.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Dying Rose.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

THE balmy Zephyrs breath'd their store,
And wav'd the gentle breeze ;
The busy day of toil was o'er,
And Nature fought for ease.

AIR.

'Twas near a daisy-sprinkled mead,
A blushing rose I found,
Wasting its odours in the air,
Its sweetness on the ground.

Sweet flow'r ! I cry'd, how short thy bloom !
And snatch'd it to my breast ;
Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,
And find eternal rest.

Yet no—to Delia's bosom steal,
Who boasts her youthful prime,
And tell her plainly, that her charms
Too soon must fade, like thine.

Then on her bosom-breathe thy last,
While I thy fate deplore !
And mark with sorrow at thy doom,
That thou shalt bloom no more.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SONG.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

THO' I can't walk quite straight,
And in figures of eight,
Still circling my legs do their duty;
You'll always observe,
That a regular curve
Is reckon'd the line of true beauty.

Of Orpheus they tell,
(He who fiddled so well)
That his notes made hills, rocks and trees caper;
So can I in my way,
When a solo I play,
Make them dance full as well as that scraper.

Tho' at first on a survey,
Things seem topsy-turvy,
When you're us'd to't, they don't look so frightful;
Still they move more or less,
And good judges confess,
Moving prospects are always delightful.

The world's circular motion
Is sure no false notion;
For, tho' sober I ne'er could believe it,
Truth in wine, boys, is found!
Now I see it turns round;
He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly
sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of Spring :
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah must mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms :
Tho' faddins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Bud of the Rose.

Sung in Rosina.

HER mouth with a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath,
At the dawning of day ;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the Double Disguise.

WHEN Beauty's smiling Queen alone
Prepares the filken chain of Love,
The slave not long Love's pow'r shall own;
For time will Beauty's charm remove.

But when Minerva lends her aid,
With mystic charms each link is join'd;
Tho' light as rosy wreaths they're made,
Enslav'd for life they hold mankind.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Edwin and Ella.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

SEE beneath yon bow'r of roses,
Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid,
'Tis my gentle love reposes,
Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mein,
See the wood nymph all surround her,
Hailing Ella beauty's queen.

Flutt'ring Cupids round descending,
Soft expand their filken wings;
From the zephyr's breath defending,
Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.

Sportive

Sportive fancy, hear my prayer,
Gently from thy airy throne,
Whisper to the sleeping fair,
Edwin lives for her alone.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton in the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light.
To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I my wakeful vigils keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay ;
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May :
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love ;
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green—
Fond bird ! 'tis not the Morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now,

Now, blithesome, o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festive dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen:
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 'Here's Kate of Aberdeen.'

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

O Dear, I'm so Pleas'd!

WHEN Strephon appears, how my heart pit-a-
 pat,
 Shews the tender emotions with which it is seiz'd;
 To the Shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,
 I could listen for ever—O dear, I'm so pleas'd.

Tho' my grandmother frowns, and protests I'm too
 young,
 With lessons of Cupid so soon to be teiz'd;
 But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,
 That I laugh at my grannam—O dear, I'm so
 pleas'd.

Should he ask me to wed, as he hinted to-day,
 When my hand he so soft and so tenderly squeez'd;
 He's so pretty a swain, that I can't say him nay,
 I'm resolv'd to be marry'd—O dear, I'm so pleas'd.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Fox Chase.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall.

AT the sound of the horn,
 We rise in the morn,

And

And waken the woods as we thunder along;
 Yoix, yoix, tally-o,
 After Reynard we go,
 While echo on echo redoubles the song.

Not the steeds of the sun
 Our brave courfers out-run,
 O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound in
 full cry:
 Like Phœbus we rise
 To the height of the skies,
 And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.
 We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, fir, we rush,
 And are close at his brush;
 Already he dies—see him panting for breath.
 Each feat and defeat
 We renew and repeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.
 We waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
 We prolong the delight,
 Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds that were done:
 And yoix, tally-o,
 The next morning we go,
 With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

Je Pense à Vous.

JE pense à vous—where'er I stray,
 While sorrow marks my lonely way;
 The sports of Spring, unmov'd I view,
 Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous.

Ah!

Ah! why in absence do I mourn,
Why vainly wish for your return;
While transient pleasures you pursue,
Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous.

Come then to cheer our native plain,
Return to bless our constant swain;
With love reward a love so true,
O think of him, who thinks on you.

Je pense à vous.

XX

S O N G.

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whose only guilt is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear!
Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet tho' I lov'd thee more than life,
Not to displease a cruel maid,
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine;
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales which Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales that rove;
I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
A nobler bribe I offer—Love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
The act may make my bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless her own.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Robin Redbreast.

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq.

LONE bird of eve, whose liquid throat
Delights my silent way,
Who cheere'st with a farewell note
The beam of parting day :

The wretch who wanders near the thorn,
Amidst the gath'ring bloom,
Pursues with sighs a path forlorn,
To weep at Cynthia's tomb.

Come, minstrel of the twilight hour,
And mourn with me the maid :
Thy tend'rest song of sorrow pour
To soothe the gentlest shade.

So when the voice in death shall cease,
To leave that lonely tree,
May redbreasts pour the song of peace,
Of sweetest peace, to thee !

SONG.

S O N G.

Poor Nan of Wapping.

ATTEND, ye thoughtless, young, and gay,
Nor scorn my tale of sorrow;
The woes which others feel to-day,
May be your own to-morrow:
Then spare the fame of her I name,
Seduc'd by false persuasion:
Perhaps you might have done the same,
Had you the same temptation.

Poor Nan of Wapping long was fam'd
For sweetness and for beauty;
Her parents' love she justly claim'd,
Her soul was fraught with duty:
Her gentle mind to fraud was blind,
By easy faith excited;
She thought to find in all mankind,
The heart and tongue united.

'Twas hard her unsuspecting heart
A prey to guile should leave her;
But every fraud and specious art
Were practis'd to deceive her:
With solemn oaths a perjur'd youth,
To his embraces won her;
And judging by her own—his truth,
She lost her peace and honour.

For some short period she enjoy'd
All luxury could render:
No single check to curb her pride,
She shone in guilty splendor:
Surrounded by the vain and gay,
No serious friend appearing,
Till conscience came in dread array,
And claim'd an awful hearing!

'Twas

'Twas then the helpless fair bewail'd
 The breach of moral duties;
 She saw her lover's heart assail'd,
 By more successful beauties:
 At length appall'd, he spoke her fate,
 And instant claim'd submission,
 Then left poor Nan to mourn too late
 Her helpless, lost condition!

Thus spurn'd by him, whose faithless heart
 From virtue had seduc'd her;
 And who, to crown the villain's part,
 To begg'ry now reduc'd her:
 Her former friends their aid deny,
 To soothe her bosom's throbbing;
 E'en pity view'd with tearless eye,
 The woes of Nan of Wapping.

Her parents next she sought for aid,
 But they had long departed;
 For with their child their comforts fled —
 They dy'd both broken hearted:
 Transfix'd she stood, bewail'd her birth,
 Her feeble arms extended;
 She heav'd a sigh, then sunk to th' earth,
 Where all her woes were ended.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Triumph of Cook.

Sung by Mr. Kelly, at the Anacreontic Society.

MINERVA in heaven disconsolate mourn'd
 The loss of her Cook, who Britain adorn'd;
 She shunn'd the celestials, and solitude sought,
 Then wept as she glanc'd o'er the actions he wrought.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd at his deeds, she sat pensive, amaz'd!
When sudden her eyes to a volume were rais'd;
'Twas fate's mighty mirror the goddess descry'd,
Where the glory he gain'd on its pages were dy'd.

Sensibility smil'd, as the records she press'd,
And sigh'd as in pity these words were express'd:—

“ Oh! Cook, who till now the world dare explore?

“ Who'll venture, my hero, now thou art no more?

“ No more, ah! Owhyhee, thy Cook will appear,

“ The friend of mankind, whom you struck with a
“ spear;

“ He came to your succour, proud savages know,

“ He came as a friend, whom you slew as a foe.”—

She ceas'd—when a voice shook the heav'n's around—

“ Minerva forbear—see the gods have him crown'd:”

Be joyful, cry'd Jove, for the trophies he's won

Have prov'd him my daughter's legitimate son.

The portals of heav'n were op'd to her view,

She saw him enthron'd in a vesture of blue:

Yes, Britain, she cry'd, in a transport of love,

Cook's honour'd on earth, and held sacred above.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Neglected Tars of Britain.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Anacreontic Society.

I SING the British seaman's praise,

A theme renown'd in story;

It well deserves more polish'd lays,

Oh! 'tis your boast and glory:

When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,

By them you are protected;

But when in peace the nation's found,

These bulwarks are neglected.

Then

Then oh ! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit ;
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean ;
When lightning darts, and thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion :
When on the bark the white-topp'd waves
With boist'rous sweep are rolling :
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure ;
He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure :
Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear ;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him ;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him :
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning ;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs—but scorns complaining.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him ;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him !

No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance ;
He fearless braves the storm of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected ?
Behold him moving 'long the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected :
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him disregarded ;
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded ?

Then oh ! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe ;
In peace then would you starve them ?
What say ye, Britain's sons ?—Oh ! no ;
Protect them and preserve them ;
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it ;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh ! Britons, you may rue it.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

S O N G.

Dear Gentle Kate.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall,

DEAR gentle Kate, oh ! ease my care,
And let my sorrows move thee ;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

F

A blush

A blush dwells glowing on thy cheeks,
Fair seat of youthful pleasure;
There love in smiling language speaks,
There speaks his rosy treasure.

Oh! fairest maid, I own thy power;
I gaze, I sigh, I languish;
And ever, ever must adore,
And triumph in my anguish.



S O N G.

Mon Cher Ami, Amitres Cher.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

MON cher ami, amitres cher,
My love shall soothe thy every care;
Thou in return shalt smile on me,
Nor aught but joy our life shall see.

Mon cher ami.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
Thy breast shall still retain the flame,
With which it long has glow'd for me,
Thy constant, wedded friend I'll be.

Mon cher ami.

United thus, may every year
Thy Lydia grow to thee more dear,
Nor sue for pity more from me,
Nor droop from her who lives for thee.

Mon cher ami.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
Do fit and curse the frosts and snows,

Then give me ale,
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut brown,
O give me stout brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
Bid valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen.

Despises fate—
Old brown, &c.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
The o'erwearied bones—
Old brown, &c.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale;
Enobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,

Oh! give me ale,
Old brown, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Robin Hood.

THE moon who night adorning,
In silver vestments bound,
Retires, that ruddy morning
May breathe her sweets around.

Edwin thus beguiling,
With eyes illum'd and smiling,
Soft maidens hearts delighting,
Ev'ry soul could move ;
But I this treasure flighting,
In darkness seek my love.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Robin Hood.

BRIGHT Sol now darts on yielding night
His beams of orient light,
His steeds of fiery race
O'er fields of azure trace ;
Whilst I am wretched and forlorn,
He still returns to bless the morn.

Once ah ! I rose, free as the sun,
Each day smiling, gay and bright,
Life elating,
Joy creating ;
Smiling peace and soft delight
Crown'd the day and bless'd the night,

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Robin Hood.

CHARMING Clorinda! ev'ry note
 You breathe these woods among,
 Shall move my grateful tongue,
 Swelling my ardent throat,
 Homage devout to pay—
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song!

Should she, bewilder'd, chance to stray,
 Ye songsters, near your grove,
 To her your notes belong;
 My soul its sense shall prove,
 My voice its powers display—
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song!



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Robin Hood.

WHEN gen'rous wine expands the soul,
 How pleasure hovers round the bowl;
 Avaunt ye cares of Fancy's crew,
 And give the guilty wretch his due;
 But let the juice of sparkling wine
 My grosser sense of love refine:
 As Jove his nectar drinks above,
 I'll quaff whole goblets full of love.

Then why should I at life repine;
 Bring me Venus, bring me wine,
 Fill the over-flowing bowl,
 In circles gay, and pleasures roll,

Ever open, ever free,
Hail, thou friend to Jolity!
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
I'll live to love—my cares are drown'd.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. D'Elpini, at the Royalty Theatre.

SEE that pretty creature there;
Oh! how handsome! oh! how fair!
Kiss me, love, I pray now do;
Give me one, and I'll give two.

How a smack would do me good!
Raise my spirits, fire my blood!
Kiss me, love, I pray now do;
Give me one, and I'll give two.



D U E T.

Sung at the Royalty Theatre.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old.

SONG.

S O N G.

*The Lafs of Dee.**Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.*

NOW all the groves, in verdure gay,
 Are deck'd to hail the spring;
 Our fleecy care securely play,
 The birds melodious sing.
 Ye blooming maids, and jocund swains,
 Assemble round this tree,
 And join with me, in rustic strains,
 To praise the lafs of Dee.
 To praise, &c,

While fragrant odours fill the air,
 We haste to yonder grove;
 And there, with rural sports, prepare
 To hail her queen of love.
 Then come, ye nymphs and jocund swains,
 Assemble round this tree,
 And join with me, in rustic strains,
 To praise the lafs of Dee.

Then, while ye tune the merry reed,
 We'll lead the dance with glee;
 Like graces on the queen of love,
 Our hearts from envy free;
 In rustic strains, we'll ever prove,
 Assembled round this tree,
 That nymphs with joy, and swains from love,
 All prais'd the lafs of Dee.

S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your conscience
is mine ;

And if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign,
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow ;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.
That snug little guinea for me.

S O N G.

Young Lubin.

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
Fair Rosalie a rustic maid ;
They met, they lov'd—each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their

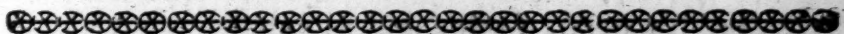
Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
Nor would their happiness delay :
To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, thy fav'rite save ;
Too fatally the youth obey'd :
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies :
Ah ! Rosalie—for ever more,
In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh ! still be seen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade.



S O N G.

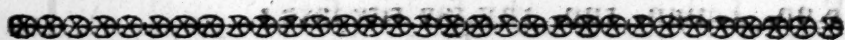
Fair Rosalie—the Sequel to Young Lubin.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Rosalie, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.

Oh ! may some kind, some gentle wave,
Waft him to this mournful shore ;
These tender hands should make his grave,
And deck his corpse with flow'rs o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal rest ;
When time his form has worn away,
His dust I'd place within my breast.

While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
And echo to her grief reply'd ;
Lo ! at her feet his corpse was tost,
She shriek'd—she clasp'd him—sigh'd, and died.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

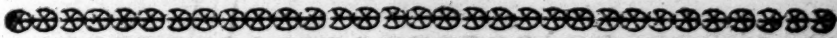
We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
With your haily, &c.

Our

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes i'the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.



S O N G.

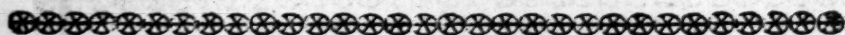
Good Morrow to your Night-Cap.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play,
 On two legs rid
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little boofy,
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose,
 And, four as floes,
 The little gipsy cock'd her nose;
 Yet here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

" Beneath the honey-suckle,
 " The daisy and the vi'let
 " Compose so sweet a truckle,
 " They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
 " Sweet Sall and Bell
 " I've pleas'd so well——
 " But hold, I must'nt kifs and tell,
 " So here I've rid
 " Along to bid
 " Good-morrow to your night-cap."



S O N G.

Fal de ral Tit.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Harlequin Teague.

'T WAS I learnt a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance,
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 Oh! the like was never seen;
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away,
 And when I had nothing left for to say,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit:
 Tit fal de ral,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit.

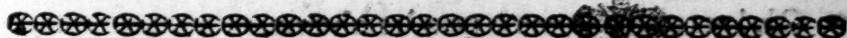
As I was walking down Thames-street,
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat
 With a cann of grog, gillio!
 A cann of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
 And satisfaction give him straight,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The

The maccaronies next came in,
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thought for to strike me dumb :
 Some was short, and some was tall,
 But 'tis very well known I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I sung *fal de ral tit*, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I'd go away,
 And if I attempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law :
 Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst ;
 All this I said, and nothing worse,
 Then I sung *fal de ral tit*, &c.

It's when I have cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to England again,
 Of grog I'll drink galore ;
 With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,
 So that she shall be faisfy'd,
 Then I'll sing *fal de ral tit*, &c.



S O N G.

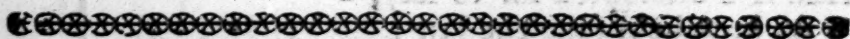
Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew;
 With various cares I strove ;
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh;
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
 What gold can never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
 But has the means to prove,
 That, from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.



S O N G.

The Faithful Tar.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at the Pantheon.

THE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,
 Her course to steer—all hands on board,
 Propitious ev'ry gale;
 Fair Sally on the beach deplores
 Her sailor bound to distant shores,
 But nought her tears avail.

“ Oh! cruel fate—ye pow'rs above,
 “ Why thus bereft of him I love!
 “ Who on the restless deep,
 “ The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,
 “ And meet, perchance, a wat'ry grave,
 “ While I but live to weep.”

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd,
 Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,
 'Twas freed from ev'ry care;
 And Henry's love, his heart, his soul,
 Were true, as needle to the pole,
 When absent from his fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,
No winds disturb, nor storms affright
The lovely Sally's breast;
For now he makes a firm decree,
No more to trust the raging sea—
With her completely blest.



S O N G.

Sung in Summer Amusement.

HOW hard our hapless lot appears,
As virgin, or as wife!
Restrain'd in all our early years,
Distress'd in later life!

If fond affection warms our hearts,
Too oft' unfeeling man,
From faith, from truth, from love departs,
And triumphs where he can.



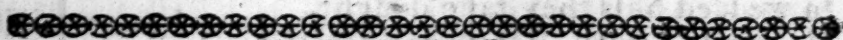
S O N G.

Sung in Summer Amusement.

WHAT means that downcast look, my dear?
Why heaves the sigh, why drops the tear?
What tears disturb, what doubts annoy
Those hours which love should gild with joy?

Tho' tranfient care now dims our eyes,
More flatt'ring prospects soon shall rise;
Each fond endearing scene shall prove
The matchless force of Melville's love.

SONG.

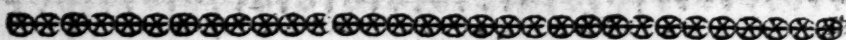


S O N G.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

THE virgin lily of the night,
 Aurora finds in tears ;
 But soon, in coif of native white,
 Her fragrant head she rears :
 No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
 But fresh and blithe as May,
 She rises to perfume the morn,
 And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,
 That miles in darkness flow,
 Emerging in their devious course,
 Translucent beauties shew :
 O'er golden sands they gently glide,
 Unruffled with the gale,
 Reflecting heav'n with splendid pride,
 As rolling thro' the vale.



S O N G.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

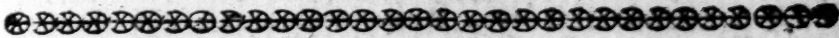
HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care ;
 Emblems of the bless'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love !

By the brook, beneath the shade
 Of the lofty poplar laid,
 Cheerful strains awake the grove,
 Dulcet notes of peace and love.

Say, ye proud, ye rich and great,
 Circled round with noise and state,

Real

Real pleasure can ye prove ?
No — 'tis found in rural love.



S O N G.

The Death of Allen.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
And Allen he rose full soon ;
Sad tidings there were for Allen to hear,
That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
And Thomas came at his call :

“ Make ready a coffin, and winding shroud,
“ For Mary shall see my fall.

“ When last we parted, with brimful eye,
“ Right loving she made vow ;

“ But Richard has twice as many sheep,
“ And Mary forgets me now.

“ Then bear me to the green grass bank,
“ Where we did kiss and play,

“ And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
“ Has wash'd my kisses away.”

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,
The priest he came anon ;

But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
Or ere the wedding was done.

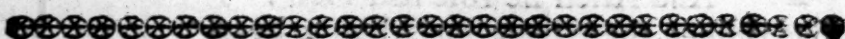
He laid him on the green grass bank,
Where they did kiss and play,

And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
 Her maiden blush was lost;
 She faded, as tho' on April morn
 A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then, all beneath one fatal stone,
 Together they bury'd were:
 False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
 Take heed ye come not there.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bannister, in Sherwood Forest.

I Travers'd Judah's barren sand,
 At beauty's altar to adore;
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.

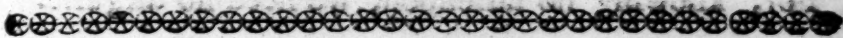
In Greece, the bold imperious mein,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade love's devotion not be seen,
 Where constancy is ever nigh.

From whence, to Italy's fair shore
 I bent my never-ceasing way,
 And to Loretto's temple bore
 A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand
 Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the Western shore.

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
 Connubial transport doth adorn;
 Where purest virtue sports the hour
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
O charity's sweet children smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.



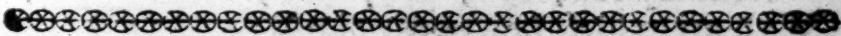
S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

THE Leixlip is proud of it's close shady bowers,
It's clear falling waters, it's murr'ring cascades,

It's groves of fine myrtles, it's beds of sweet flowers,
It's lads so well drest, and its neat pretty maids :
As each his own village will still make the most on,
In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong ;
Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast on,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentleman fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and nice powder'd hair,
Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long,
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear,
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear ;
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we ?

We

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred;
 By her hands alone we are painted and drefs'd,
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant ambition we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:
 Content and sweet chearfulness open our door;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

MARGARETTA first posselt,
 I remember well, my breast,
 With my row, dow, dow, dero;
 With my restless heart next play'd
 Martha, wanton, floe-ey'd maid,
 With her tan tarara ro.

She to Catharine gave place;
 Kate to Betsey's am'rous face;
 With my row, dow, &c.
 Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their tan, &c.

Jenny

Jenny next—a tyrant she;
 But Rebecca set me free;
 With my row, dow, &c.
 In a week from her I fled,
 And took Judith in her stead,
 With her tan, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
 But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my row, dow, &c.
 Isabella's rolling eye
 Eclips'd Susan's presently,
 With her tan, &c.

Brown-skin'd Bess I next obey'd,
 Then lovely Nanny, red hair'd maid,
 With my row, dow, &c.
 None could bind me, I am free.
 Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my tan, &c.

S O N G.

The Charming Fellow.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

L O R D, what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let them scold and bellow!
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well-o,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow,
Says he my dear, I'll see you home,
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, my sweetest Nell-o,
I'll kiss you here by this good light,
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath!
Ye bells ring out my knell-o:
Again I'd die so sweet a death
With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

WE'LL seek the bow'r of Robin Hood,
And keep his bridal day,
For cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood,
The brides and bridesmen play:

Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastimes see;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's stout and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold:

Then follow me, my bonny lads, &c.

There

There dancing sprightly on the green,
Each light-foot lad and lass :
Sly-stealing kisses, when unseen,
And gingling glafs for glafs :

Then follow me, my bonny lads, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wells, in Robin Hood.

WHEN Spring has chac'd the Winter's snow,
And melting streams begin to flow ;
When sun-beams thaw the frost-bound soil,
And ploughmen rise to morning toil,
My John then wanders o'er the fields,
And brings me all the season yields.

To me he sings the sweets of love,
As careless through the woods we rove ;
Then urges me to be his wife,
And vows he'll constant prove thro' life ;
Then Prudence, say, am I to blame
To own for John a mutual flame ?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Robin Hood.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,
Its praise is sounded far and near,
Stout little John, with laurels wreath'd,
Has reach'd each dame and damsel's ear :
But 'tis not you—bold Robin Hood,
I come to seek, with bended bow ;
That man of might,
I fain would fight,
And conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho !

Thro'

Thro' frost and snow,
 Tho' cold winds blow,
 I never fail,
 In rain or hail,
 Tho' thunders roll,
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho!

With bended bow,
 The buck or doe,
 I never fail,
 Thro' rain or hail,
 Tho' thunders roll,
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Friend and Pitcher.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer,
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer,
 Give me but these—a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher,
 My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can bewitch her;
 With all my heart—can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer,
Give me but these—a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

For two Voices.—Written by Mr. Harrington.

HOW sweet in the wood-lands, with fleet hound
and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn!
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain;
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in Sherwood Forest.

THEY call me honest Harry O;
Molly I will marry O;
In spite of Nell,
Or Isabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.
With my rigdum, jigdum, airy O,
I love my little Mary O;
In spite of Nell,
Or Isabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.

G. Straight

Straight she is and bonny O,
Sweet as sugar-candy O,
Fresh and gay,
As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her jack-a-dandy O;
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her O,
Where we'll wed together O;
And that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In spite of wind or weather O;
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Mary's Dream.

Sung at the Queen's Concert.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the Eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea:
Then soft and low a voice was heard
Say, ' Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye;
' Oh! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea:
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,

And

And long we strove our bark to save—

But all our striving was in vain.

E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,

My heart was fill'd with love of thee:

The storm is past, and I at rest;

So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'Oh! maiden dear, thyself prepare;

We soon shall meet upon that shore,

Where love is free from doubt and care,

And thou and I shall part no more.'

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,

No more of Sandy could she see;

But soft the passing spirit said,

'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my fav'rite tree,

Ye songsters that visit the grove;

'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,

And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,

He tenderly pleaded my cause;

I only with blushes reply'd,

And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Pilgrim.

THIS hot pursuit,

With threats to boot,

Have little to alarm me,

So war I wage,
 Defy his rage,
 And brave whate'er may harm me.

He still may swear,
 And stamp and stare,
 I'll neither fear nor falter;
 Whate'er may bind,
 'Gainst woman's mind,
 Will prove a rotten halter.

My mistress flown,
 I'll soon be gone:—
 Old Crusty swears he'll tame her;
 For him she loves,
 Abroad she roves,
 In truth I cannot blame her.

In varied shapes,
 Thro' hair-breadth scapes,
 Each way he tries to win her:
 She scorns restraint,
 And such a saint
 Would make e'en me a finner.

Some trim disguise,
 No doubt she tries—
 I'll follow her example:
 Of faith, of skill,
 And wit at will,
 I'll give 'em straight a sample.

So she and I
 Will fairly try,
 Whose trick or change can blind most;
 And since, old Don,
 You chuse to run,
 The devil take the hindmost.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Desert.

THO' prudence my prefs me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart says, my Henry is true.
 The bee thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray,
 With raptures possessing,
 In one ev'ry blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain,
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See Content, the humble gleaner,
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall!
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

S O N G.

Sung in the Merchant of Venice.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
What labour would seem hard?
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain;
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribband gay, or filken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd with love?

My poesy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

SONG.

SONG.

Sung in Rosina.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
 How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
 No more the rustic sports can please;
 I live the slave to fond desire,
 Lost to myself, to mirth and ease.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain;
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

SONG.

Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
 So blithe, so gay, so full of glee;
 In all our village who but he
 To foot it up so featly:
 His lute to hear,
 From far and near,
 Each female came,
 Both girl and dame;
 And all his boon,
 For ev'ry tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him, in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;
Of May the youth was chosen king,

He caught our ears so neatly:

Such music rare,

In his guittar;

But touch his lute,

'The croud was mute:

His only boon,

For every tune,

To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

A SOLDIER I am for a lady:
What beau was e'er arm'd compleater?
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.

Gad's curse! my dear lasses, I'm ready
To give ye all satisfaction;
I'm the man,
For the crack of your fan,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Your bobbins may beat up a row dow dow;
Your lap-dog may out with his bow wow wow;
The challenge is love,
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

A MO, amas,
I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet Cowslip's grace
Is her nom'tive case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

Rorum, corum;
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum, divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis,
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And soft, when I tacto her pulle is.
Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh! how bella,
My' puella;
I'll kiss her secula seculorum:
If I've luck, sir,
She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum!

Rorum, corum, &c

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

HERE's an old song made by an antient pate,
Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good
estate;

And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation!

With a good lady, whose anger a good word assuages,
Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen
or pages;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and
badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him
by his looks,

An old buttery hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen, that maintains half a dozen
good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
bows,

An old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper
noses

Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And

And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
For he like a wise man kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thousand
pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bounteous
mind;
But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of
his land,
He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond,
Kept a brace or two creatures at his own command,
And drinking at taverns till he could neither sit nor
stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to house-keeping or
care;
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton,
air,
And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and
cow tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-fashion'd sort of a chaplain, who swears
faster than he prays;

Also

Also a new buttery hatch that opens but once in five
or six days,
And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kickshaws
and toys.

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal, or
wood ;
It was hung round with pictures which did the poor
little good,
The subjects whereof were all profane and lewd.

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter, John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn :
In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,
The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and days.

Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors were
sold,
Which is the reason most men do hold,
That open house-keeping is now a-days grown so very
cold.

Alteration, alteration, Oh ! wonderful alteration.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my ease:
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithful vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me while he can.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN the choice of a husband us widows are nice,
I'd not have a man who'd grow old in a trice;
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'd avoid, when I'm choosing my lad,
And a stork that might gobble up all that I had;

Such

Such suitors I've had, fir—but off they might hop,
I want one that can buffle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind;
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop—
He's one that can buffle and stir in my shop.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Lafs of Patie's Mill.

THE lafs of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness fam'd,
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

S O N G.

Sung in the Twelfth Night

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart!
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart!
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,
 Ask no more—behold your error;
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What tho' silent in my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air:
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me!
 Once my heart's strong feelings view!
 Love has nought more fond, believe me;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild despairing,
 With your speechless as I touch;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the Waterman.

THEN farewell my trim built wherry,
Oars, and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go,
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then farewell, &c.

Then mayhap, when homewards steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom!

Then farewell, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Music in the Voice of Love.

Sung by Miss Bertles, at Vauxhall.

SOFTLY sweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful Damon by my side;
His songs delight the listening grove,
For music is the voice of love.

When moon-beams glitter o'er the stream,
How sweet his song when love's the theme;

His

His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
For music is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,
While soft and sweet he sings my praise;
The tender tale I must approve,
For music is the voice of love.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old,

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in The Follies of a Day.

TO the winds, to the waves, to the woods I
complain,

Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart;
They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my pain,
Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart.

To the sun's morning splendor the poor Indian bows,

Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart;
But I dare not worship where I pay my vows,
Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

HARK forward! away, my brave boys, to the
chace,

To the joys that sweet exercise yields;
The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
And invites to the sport of the fields.

Hark forward's the cry. and cheerful the morn,
Then follow the hounds and the merry-ton'd horn.

No music can equal the hounds in full cry;
Hark! they open—then hasten away;
O'er hill, dale and valley, with vigour we fly,
While pursuing the sports of the day.

Hark forward's the cry, &c.

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
To pleasure's light footsteps we trace;
We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
Rofy health we o'ertake in the chace.

Hark forward's the cry, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien;
But all her accomplishments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He sighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

The

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
 As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
 Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
 While pity has dropt a soft tear.
 Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
 Werter leave me, and see me no more;
 He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
 Under pity's soft garb hide his dart,
 Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave;
 While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart:
 And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,
 While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
 He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd.
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Fontainebleau.

A Londre I was taylor nice,
 And work for Lor so gay,
 He never beat me down my price,
 But den he never pay;
 From Lor I could no money get,
 My draper would not stay;
 So, like my Lor, I run in debt,
 And den I run away.

Vid trick on card, I please my Lor,
 He vonder how I do't;
 And ladies all my skill adore,
 Ven cock in glafs I shoot.
 De British guinea I command,
 My pocket to recruit;
 I shirk it off by flight of hand,
 Shift off by flight of foot.

SONG.

XX

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul;
No dull, stinting hours we own,
Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a day;
Yet fears neither justice's warrant, or bum,
But pays all his debts with the rowl of his drum:

With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
The king finds him money, and quarters, and clothes:
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the rowl of the drums:

With my row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum:

With my row-de-dow, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

For Two Voices—Sung in Robin Hood.

THE stag thro' the forest, when rous'd by the
horn,
Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn,
Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in
view,
Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue.

But escaping the hunters, again thro' the groves,
Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves:
Not so in his soul who from tyrant love flies,
The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

S O N G.

Sung in Poor Vulcan.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes and I call'd for my groom;
Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds;
The horses were saddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark away.

It was now by the clock about in the morn,
When we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;
Dick Garter, Will Tabble, and Tom at the Goose,
When all on a sudden out starts Mistress Puss:
Men, horses and dogs not a moment would stay,
And Echo was heard to cry, hark, hark away!

The

The chase was a fine one—the took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
Till at length she took cover, return'd out of breath,
And I and Will Whistle where in at the death:
There in triumph of joy I the hare did display,
And I call'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away!

XX

S O N G.

The Honey Moon.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

WOULD you know, my good friends, what the
honey-moon is,
How long in duration, how perfect in bliss,
A proof may be found, and a sample be seen,
In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-green.

My dearest, my duck,

My sweetest, my chuck;

Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy a god;

Whips crack, glasses gingle,

While sighs intermingle,

And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,

Niddity nod, niddity nod,

O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

Papa's and mama's furly tempers once past,

Bright Bloomsbury-square has this couple at last!

In three weeks possession, how pleasures will cloy,

Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.

So impatient to roam,

Ma'am you're never at home,

A path so vexatious no wife ever trod;

My torment—my curse;

You are bad—you are worse:

While Cupid flies off from a quarrel so odd,

Niddity nod, &c.

And Miss is no angel, and Billy no god.

To

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes master,
 To part from each other ne'er couple went faster.
 While raking at night, and distraction at noon,
 Soon close all the joys of the sweet honey-moon.
 Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
 Sep'rate tables and beds,
 Render wedlock's sweet countenance dull as a clod,
 Then hey for a summons
 From grave Doctors Commons,
 While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
 Niddity nod, &c.
 O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

S O N G.

The Sailor's Return.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
 Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
 Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
 Tight fore and aft, above, below:
 Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
 And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side;
 Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
 From her neat-made hat of straw;
 Red was her cheek when first she utter'd,
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 While, secure from all alarms,
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
 They dart into each other's arms.



S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home

WHEN up to London first I came,
 An awkward country booby,
 I gap'd and star'd, and did the same
 As ev'ry other looby.

With countenance demurely set,
 I doff'd my hat to all I met,
 With—"Zir, your humble servant!"

Alas! too soon I got a wife;
 And, proud of such a blessing,
 The joy and business of my life
 Was kissing and caressing.
 'Twas—"charmer! sweeting! duck, and dove!"
 And I, o'er head and ears in love,
 Was Cupid's humble servant.

But when the honey-moon was past,
 Adieu to tender speeches!
 Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,
 I swore I'd wear the breeches.
 I storm in vain—restraint she hates!
 Adieu, she cries—the party waits;
 My dear, your humble servant!

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
 With friend and bottle smiling,
 I'd envy not a higher lot,
 The tedious hours beguiling:

If

If Care peeps in, I'm busy then,
I nod—desire he'll call again,
And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
'Tis best employ'd in laughing;
And come what frowning cares there may,
My antidote is quaffing:
I'm ever jovial, gay and free,
For this is my philosophy;
And so—your humble servant.

S O N G.

The Answer to Ma Chere Ami.

MA chere ami! let not despair
Your bosom fill with anxious care,
Who.e heart's so open, mind so free—
I'll think of him who thinks of me.

Ma chere ami.

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
With rudeness, to confess the same;
Oh! pardon all the faults you see,
And think of her who thinks of thee.

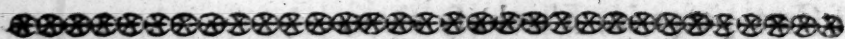
Ma chere ami.

Then let us to the church incline,
And Hymen wait our hands to join;
For ever after happy be,
I blest'd with you, and you with me.

Ma chere ami.

H

SONG.



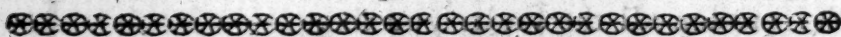
S O N G.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the hounds and the horns call each sports-
man away ;
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
bound,
While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.
Hark away is the word, to the found of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue ;
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's a signal for death.
No joys can compare to the sports of the field,
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark away, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Peruvian.

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings,
I have at my finger's end,
And how to sell, and how to buy,
To borrow or to lend :
But this, since I felt birch at school,
My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ha ! dot and carry one.

At

At loss and gain a scholar good,
 Full early was I taught,
 To gain of guineas all I cou'd,
 To lose the devil a groat.
 At fractions and divisions when
 Hard knocks where laying on,
 Subtraction was my practice then,
 Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
 And thus sum-total lies;
 Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
 Reduction I despise:
 And since cockade and roguish eye
 Miss Clara's heart has won,
 If you're resolv'd to multiply,
 Ha! dot and carry one.

S O N G.

The Royal Sailor.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE foes of Old England, France, Holland, and
 Spain,

Made bold by indulgence, insulted the main;
 The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
 And at England, Old England, their vengeance they
 hurl'd;

When Neptune arose from his watery throne,
 In a coral-clad suit he most beautiful shone,
 He call'd for his Tritons, and bade them repair
 To the court of great George, for young William
 was there:

He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 This isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea.

O'er-joy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his head—
 I'll fight like a prince, were the words that he said;
 The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,
 To the sea I am wedded, and give her my vows;
 With Rodney, with Digby, with Ross I will go,
 And die but I'll conquer each insolent foe:
 The Tritons reported the words that he said.
 And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then paid:
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 Britain's isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea.

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,
 No more with blood royal they'll dare to engage;
 For he stood on the deck with his naked drawn sword,
 And by the bold Digby he passed the word:
 Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,
 When one noble ship was blown up in the air;
 His courage gives rapture to each jolly tar,
 Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war:
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen to be
 The guard of this isle, and the prince of the sea.

S O N G.

How sweet's the Love that meets Return.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na' care,
 The lad he lov'd a lass more fair;
 And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

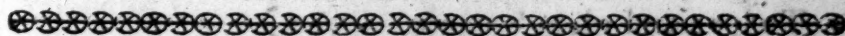
He lov'd a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld, and sometimes kind,
 Which made the love-sick laddy rue,
 For she was cauld when he was true,

He

He mourn'd, and sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.
 One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where cowslips and sweet lav' rocks join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair —
 But she refus'd the gift sae fair;
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne,
 But sweet's the love that meets return,

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
 And truest love is soonest seen;
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 For thy soft wishes are like mine:
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was bold, frank, and kind,
 I lov'd the lad, and told my mind;
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
 And wha sae blest as he and me?
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.



S O N G.

William and Caroline.

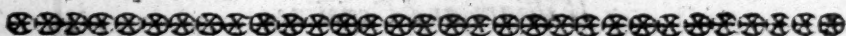
Sung by Mr. Mahon.

'T WAS at the break of day we spy'd
 The signal to unmoor,
 Which sleepless Caroline descri'd,
 Sweet maid, from Gosport shore;
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell,
 Nor cou'd cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell!

In open boat, the maid of worth
 Soon reach'd our vessel's side,
 Soon too she found her William's birth,
 But fought me not to chide :—
 Go, she exclaim'd— for fame's a cause
 A female should approve ;
 For who, that's true to honour's laws,
 Is ever false to love !

My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
 Nor will it ever fail,
 Tho' war's unequal wild career
 Should William's life assail :
 Tho' death 'gainst thee exert his sway,
 Oh ! trust me, but the dart
 That woundeth thee will find its way
 To Caroline's true heart.

Should conquest, in fair form array'd,
 Thy loyal efforts crown,
 In Gosport will be found a maid,
 That lives for thee alone.—
 May girls, with hearts so firm and true
 To love and glory's cause,
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.



S O N G.

Sung in the Spanish Rivals.

STILL the lark finds repose
 In the full waving corn ;
 And the bee on the rose,
 Tho' surrounded with thorn :

Never

Never robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free ;
But no more gentle peace
Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still the lark finds repose, &c.

Still in search of delight,
Ev'ry pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the slights of fond love.

Still the lark finds repose, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Midas.

L OVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish ;
One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
You, he not long need sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
You scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

T HE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chace ;
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And smiles to the smile of the face.
For the sports I delight in, the bright Queen of Love
With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply :
Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from the chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale ;
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.
Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear :
With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, at the Anacreontic Society.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old sage
Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
Which made him forget all the cares of old age ;
It bloom'd in his face, and made happy his soul.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life that each care can contoul.

This jovial philosopher taught that the fun
Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main ;
That the planets would tipple away as they run,
The earth wanted moisture, and soak'd up the rain.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
The hero and lover alike it makes bold ;
Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
Delightful alike to the young and the old.

While

While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his
toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each del is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let her looks be the reddest that ever was seen,
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let her, &c.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

She mayn't, &c.



S O N G.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing ;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay :
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade :
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bee with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the birks of Endermay.

SONG.



S O N G.

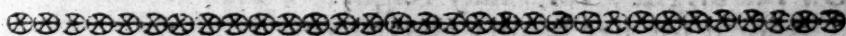
Homesward Bound.

LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve ;
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye failors ! I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My grief I fling all to the wind ;
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
What tropic-bird swifter can move ?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love ?

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
Come shipmates, and join in the song ;
Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.



S O N G.

Sweet Robinette.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

SWEET, sweet Robinette, all the shepherds declare,
They never yet saw so enchanting a fair ;
The swains all admire her, no mortal as yet
Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.

Her eyes they would melt you, her cheeks they disclose
The beautiful tint of the pale blushing rose ;
The nymphs full of envy, do nothing but fret,
To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.

All nature seems pleas'd, as she trips it along,
Her smiles make the lark swell his rapturous song ;
The shepherds their cares and their labour forget,
To gaze on the charms of my sweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they soften the sage,
She's the May-day of youth, and the Summer of age ;
I love her — adore her, I'll venture a bet,
You ne'er saw a girl like my sweet Robinette.

S O N G.

The Approach of May.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

THE virgin, when softened by May,
Attends to the villager's vows ;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
We shepherds, who dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine,
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;
For May is the mother of love.

May

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array ;
 If the lark and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May :
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove ;
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddesses will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day.
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove ;
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of love.

S O N G.

Maria.

Composed by Mr. Moulds.

'T WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free ;
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at opening day,
 But ah, she mourn'd, her love not
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along ;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Had now forgot its song.

No

No more to charm the vale she tries ;
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize —
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe,
 And hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a falling tear :
 Maria, luckless maid ! adieu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease,
 For Heaven will take a maid so true
 To everlasting peace.

S O N G.

The Friend and Lover.

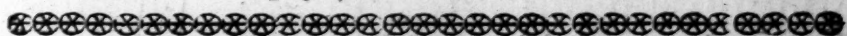
Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.

I'M told by the wise ones a maid I shall die ;
 They say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny :
 I know but too well how time flies along,
 That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.
 But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
 Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy.
 I never will wed till a youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

No pedant, tho' learn'd, or foolishly gay,
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say,
 To every fair one obliging and free,
 But never be fond of any but me ;
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness may soothe me, whose counsels can
 guide :
 Such a youth I would marry, if such I could find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

From

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger shall fright me, nor millions should bribe;
 But till this astonishing creature I know,
 I am single and happy, and still will be so.
 You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wife,
 But I shun the vain fop, the dull coxcomb despise,
 Nor e'er will I wed 'till a youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.



S O N G.

Lingo's Wedding.

Sung by Mrs. Williams, at the Theatre, Tunbridge Wells.

Tune, "Push about the Jorum."

L I N G O, good friends, once more appears,
 His heart with joy elate, fir,
 In spite of all rude Cudden's sneers,
 He ne'er repines at fate, fir:
 For Cowslip is my wedded wife,
 I am a happy homus,
 And live a multus bonus life
 In Domine Felix's domus.

Tol lol, &c.

We trip to church, so bligh and gay,
 Our hearts were void of care, fir,
 Farmer Stump he led the way,
 John and Thomas too where there, fir;
 My Cowslip she was drest so neat,
 With mittens on her manus,
 The bella mulier look'd as sweet
 And lovely as a Canus.

Tol lol, &c.

The

The ceremony soon was done,
 And then magnus and small, fir,
 Elate with joy strait did return
 To Domine Felix's hall, fir :
 A bonus dinner was prepar'd,
 Which soon was set before 'em,
 The rustic Swains ne'er better far'd,
 And I sung "Rorum corum."

Tol lol, &c.

Farmer Stump cry'd out, "Encore,"
 (Clasping his Jug of Stinge,)
 Such chaunting ne'er was heard before,
 Bravissimo! Good Lingo.
 Then by desire I sung bow vow,
 The Farmer's bloated cheeks, fir,
 Swell'd out with saying that as how
 He was not fond of Greek, fir!

Tol lol, &c.

Such bonus laugh, went round the board,
 While I my nectar quaffing,—
 Told Stump that, like an Afs he roar'd
 Which set the fawns a laughing.
 A Latin Epitaph I sung,
 Expressing of my joys, fir,
 With acclamations the Hall rung
 In giving me applause, fir.

Tol lol, &c.

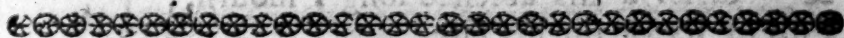
I call'd on Cowslip for a Song,
 (Since we were all so mellow)
 She smil'd—the Mulier then begun
 To sing the Charming Fellow.
 The ev'ning now was far advanc'd ;
 So bidding each Good Night, fir,
 To bed we both together danc'd,
 And tasted true delight, fir.

Tol lol, &c.

My

My song is ended, and depend
 It shall be my sole endeavours,
 My Bonus thanks each one to send
 For all your num'rous favours.
 If you acquit me with applause
 'Twill chear me, and my Stingo,
 Your smiles will make compleat the Joys
 Of Cowslip, and her Lingo.

Tol lol, &c.



S O N G.

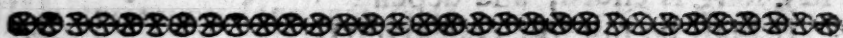
A favourite hunting Song.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark to the sound of the sweet winding
 horn,
 It invites to the chace, and awakens the morn;
 Hark, &c.
 Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.
 Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
 The sports of the field give both pleasure and health:
 Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,
 Where no bus'ness disturbs, no malice destroys:
 Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.
 Diana, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

“ Far divided from my Mate,”

A Favourite AIR,

Sung in the Burletta of The Chop House.

FAR divided from my Mate,
 Griev'd his absence long I mourn,
 Full of terror for his fate,
 In vain I wish for his return,
 Waft him ye propitious gales,
 O'er the main with crowded sails.

Bring him from the hostile strand,
 To ease my fond, my sorrow'd heart,
 Bring him to his native land,
 And again may we ne'er part,
 Waft him ye propitious gales,
 O'er the main with crowded sails.



A New SONG.

WOMAN; an ANACREONTIC.

HONOUR let the foldier chuse,
 Let the drunkard call for wine,
 Devotion suits the dull recluse,
 But be lovely Woman mine.

What's the pomp of eastern world!
 What's the gold or diamond's shine!
 Let misfortunes darts be hurl'd,
 If lovely Woman be but mine.

Each

Each sad remembrance I erase
 When I kneel at beauty's shrine,
 Folded in the sweet embrace
 Of lovely Woman! how divine.

Bacchus still may boast his pow'r,
 And the joys center'd in wine,
 At other joys my fancy tower's,
 That lovely Woman may be mine.

A New SONG.

Tune, "The Moon had reach'd the highest hill."

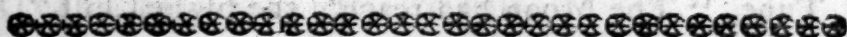
THE Nymphs were met upon the Green,
 Each 'tended by her favourite youth,
 Who, by their Mistress Beauty, charm'd,
 Where whispering vows of love and truth.
 The Queen of Night, bright Luna, shone,
 And cast her rays of silver light,
 The sprightly Dance had just begun,
 And all was pleasure and delight.

When sad mishap—how chang'd the scene,
 The sprightly dance no more can charm,
 The clouded sky, the veiled orb,
 Foretold the dangers of a storm.
 The thunder roll'd, the lightning flash'd,
 The nymphs and swains were fill'd with fear,
 To think their joys so soon were dash'd,
 By disappointment so severe.

With eager steps they homeward fled,
 Each one protected by her swain,
 The tempest now more fiercer grew,
 They so wish'd 'twould cease, but wish'd in vain.
 Young

Young Henry, among the rest,
With Sally, his intended bride,
Who every female charm possess'd,
Strove to escape the furious tide.

But oh! what horror rent his heart,
To see his Sally, lovely maid,
Torn by the lightnings forked dart,
And lifeless struck upon the glade.
And is she gone the youth exclaim'd,
My sweetest girl, my lovely bride,
Then sunk upon her lifeless corse,
Heav'd a sad sigh, and dy'd.



S O N G.

*Written, composed, and sung by Mrs. Wrihten, at
Vauxhall.*

THE mist from the mountains proclaim'd it was
morn,
And the sun chang'd the dew-drops to pearls on the
thorn;
The pipe and the tabor now sweetly did sound,
While the birds in sweet melody carol'd around;
When the youth who at wrestling last e'en won the
prize,
Gently tapt at my window, and bade me arise;
Tho' I lik'd his attention, I urg'd him to go,
And peevishly cried, 'Don't keep teasing me so.

My old maiden Aunt from her chamber came down;
What! flirting with Strephon! cried she with a frown;
You'd better attend to your dairy and reel,
Than to those who profess what they never can feel;
I wish you'd be wise and *detest* all the men;
I will, Aunt, indeed, when I'm three score and ten;
If

If I find to my grave I a Maiden must go,
Depend on't I'll *bate* them for teasing me so.

But so pressing is Strephon, 'tis not to be borne ;
He's just gain'd my promise to meet him next morn,
Where the nymphs and the swains crown'd with
chaplets are seen,
To hail the new May, by a dance on the green ;
Shou'd he kneel at my feet, and my pity implore,
And repeat the soft oaths he so often has sworn ;
Shou'd he press me to wed, I'll to church with him go,
'Twill cure him, *I warrant*, of teasing me so.

S O N G.

The Playthings of Life.

Sung by Mr. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

A L L men are mere children, all women the same,
Who, increasing in years, get a different name ;
But still the pursuit of each great girl or boy,
Is after some pretty, fantastic new toy ;
Which, when first obtain'd, for a moment they prize,
Yet the next they destroy, or despise ;
While the world's one large nurs'ry of envy and strife,
Where the bantlings contend for the playthings of life.
The playthings, &c.

What more than mere toys, tho' of such high renown,
Are the bishop's lawn sleeves, or the judge's furr'd
gown ;
What coronets, mitres, wigs, patches, or wands !
What ribbands and medals, caps, tassels and bands !
What all tinsel of state, jewels, garters, and strings !
Which kings can bestow, and which deck even kings !
Yet these are the baubles that generate strife,
Among children who pant for the playthings of life !

Hark,

Hark, mortals! your passion for gew-gaws repress,
 To few be attach'd, nor those to access;
 For excess will to evil convert ev'ry good,
 Your joy turn to anguish, to poison your food:
 While the choice, made with prudence, by prudence
 confin'd,
 Bids the body feel bliss, without paining the mind;
 And thus wife to husband, and husband to wife,
 Prove the best and most permanent playthings of life.

A New SONG.

Tune, "Young Lubin was a Shepherd's Boy."

YOUNG William was a rural youth,
 A scornful Nymph possess'd his love,
 His passion was replete with truth,
 But never could her pity move,

The Nymph, inconstant, light, and gay,
 Had never felt love's fatal dart,
 Had never yet own'd Cupid's sway,
 His pow'r had ne'er touch'd her heart.

As thro' the grove one sultry day,
 Distress'd, forlorn, the swain had rov'd,
 He spy'd his Sally, blythe and gay,
 He spy'd the only girl he lov'd.

Ah! leave me not, he cried, "sweet maid,
 Let pity now possess your breast;
 Away! begone, fond youth," she said,
 Hymen's offer I detest.

Young Colin, whistling, came that way,
 She thought he had a thousand charms,
 From William to him ran away,
 Flew like lightning to his arms.

This

This was too much for love to bear,
And am I treated thus he cry'd?
"Farewell, dear girl," then in despair,
He plung'd into the stream and dy'd.

When evening came she pass'd that way,
And floating spy'd her lover's form,
She shriek'd, and trembling, then did say,
(While horror did her breast alarm.)

Ah! William, now I know too late,
How fatal has my falsehood prove,
But be assur'd I'll share the fate
Of him who died for Sally's love.

"Receive us! heav'n, in thy abode,"
She said, and rush'd from off the shore,
Then clasp'd her William's breathless corse—
Thus twin'd, they sunk, to rise no more.

S O N G.

The Irish Hunt.

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,
Which to gain your attention, I'm sure cannot
fail,

'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs, that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar.

A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore God he'd have shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, sev'nty four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,

At

At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery, in search of a fox.

The Laughlins town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squir Adair were with us that day,
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar,
Hark to Wanton, cry'd Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifler esteem'd in the pack.

Old Bonny and Colliers came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine, was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way,
As strong from Killegar as tho' he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan.

To Carriekmines thence, and to cherry woods then,
Steep-Shank hill he climb'd and to Ballymanglen,
Bray commons he cross'd, leapt Lord Anglesea's wall,
And seem'd to say, little I value you all.

He ran Bush's grove up to Carbury Byrns,
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out.

To Malpas high hill was the way then he flew,
At Dalkeystone common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock through Shrub Glanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Lawrey grew weary.

Thro'

Thro' Rochester wood, like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart sure none dare follow me.

But soon to his cost he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds,
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of terriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But ere he could reach the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.

At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Lawrey, who riding a garreen was flung,
Thus ended at last a most delicate chace,
That held five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord,
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of they who ne'er varied for the places of wealth.

Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hal Preston 'twas
odd,

'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, by the great living G—,
Said Preston I hallow'd, get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs were consign'd to the court,
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight.

Then till the next meeting bid farewell to each
brother,
So some they went one way, and some went the other,
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

The Cot of Laura.

A New PASTORAL SONG.

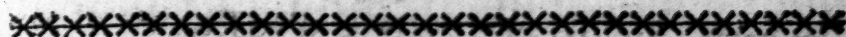
YOUNG Laura was a lovely lass,
Her charms all fancy did surpass;
She was as fair as Flora;
Each village swain with verse and song,
Enraptur'd morn and eve did throng,
Around the Cot of Laura.

Young Roger by her charms was mov'd,
Tho' late it was he swore he lov'd,
The pretty black ey'd Norah;
She mourn'd the falsehood of the swain,
Who for his part now strove in vain,
To gain the heart of Laura.

Each morn to her he paid his vows,
With aukward scrapes and cringing bows,
And swore he hated Norah;
But all was vain, she heeded not,
And told him 'twould not be his lot
To gain the Cot of Laura.

Young Phelim was a brisk young swain,
He lov'd the lass, nor lov'd in vain,
He paid his vows before her;
She blush'd consent, nor did she chide,
He soon at church made her his bride,
And gain'd the Cot of Laura.

SONG.



S O N G.

Mon Cœur, Adieu.

Sung in the Girl in Style, by Mr. Johnstone.

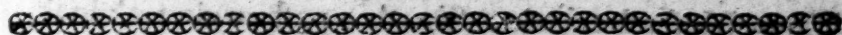
Tune, Ma chere Amie.

MON Cœur, adieu, young Lubin cries,
And tow'rd's the distant camp he flies;
Yet turns fair Annette's haunts to view,
And sighs, yon favourite hills—how blue.

Mon Cœur, adieu.

The Beacon's brow fair Annette won,
Her Lubin's arms reflects the sun;
The sun too soon his ray withdrew,
She sigh'd—night steals my lover true.

Mon Cœur, adieu.



S O N G.

The Vicar and Moses:

AT the sign of the Horse, old Spintext of course
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd the canonical sot.

Tol derol, derol, tidol, didol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, fays he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?
Why, Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay !
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, faying, Sir, a small child
Cannot delay your intentions ;
Why, that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible show'r ;
Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one !
Pray master look up at the hand :
Why, it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go—that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old orthodox took,
 But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
 Whilst the surplus was rapt round the Priest,
 And so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
 That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's
 torn,
 Oh ! man that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
 You see, Moses,—death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down ;
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this *Straban* should print for the Crown.

Prithee Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead,
 (Amen, amen,)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your
 tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O, where's thy sting, death !—put the corpse in the
 earth ;

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather—
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,

Singing tol derol, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Grey Beards.

SWEET rosy sleep! Oh do not fly,
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,
That o'er each grave my own may rove,
And feast my hapless, joyless love!

For when he lifts these shading lids,
His chilling flame such bliss forbids—
Then rosy sleep, oh, do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A Parody upon

"Oh what a plague is an obstinate Daughter,"

Sung at the ROYAL CIRCUS.

IF a young wife you have, she's the plague of your
soul,

No peace can you have, tho' you let her controul,
Not one look in ten can be counted to cheer ye,

Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary;

Frisking and flaunting,

Singing and jaunting,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate deary.

If her mate, like me's ancient, she does nought but
scorn him,

And she's devilish well off if she don't chance to
horn him;

They plague and they'll tieze him quite of his life, Sir,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir;

Gadding about Sir,

To park, plays, and routs, Sir,

Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir!

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean ;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the las, I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, fir ;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, fir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young, or ancient, I care not a feather :
So fill the pint bumper up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the las, I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

O, "Cherry cheek'd Doll is a sweet pretty Lass."

A New SONG,

Sung at the Theatre, Bath, by Mr. Charlton.

Tune, "*Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen.*"

OH cherry cheek'd Doll is a sweet pretty lass,
So handsome and charming each feature,
And she was just twenty years old the last grass,
Od's wounds! she's a delicate creature,
So I'll let the jug pass, and drink to my lass,
And they that won't pledge me I'm sure is an ass.

T'other day I spy'd her a milking her cows,
She warbled, and I was the theme fir;
I nimbly stept to her, and paid her my vows,
And we guzzled a bowl of nice cream fir;
Says I to my las, as we set on the grass,
If I do not love ye Doll I am an afs.

Now to Old Jorum's I'll hasten away,
As nimble and blythe as a bee fir;
The 'Squire in vain may be magging away,
He'll get no encoring from me fir;
For I'll the jug pass, and drink to my las,
If I did n't do it I'd sure be an afs.

S O N G.

A Soldier's S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

HOW stands the glass around,
For shame, you take no care, my boys,

How

How stands the glass around,
 Let mirth and wine abound;
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound;
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die!
 What fighting, fie!
 Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

A NEW SONG,

By W. W.

Tune, "How fond was my Damon."

HOW fair was my Jessy, how lovely her form,
 Her beauty the coldest of Stoics might warm;

In her every charm was encircled, entwined,
And virtue triumphantly rul'd o'er her mind.

In the tenderest accents I told my fond tale,
And eagerly begg'd her to let nature prevail ;
To make her my bride, was what I design'd,
For the charms of her face set off those of her mind.

She smil'd and then ask'd me if I was sincere,
For sincerity lastingly she shou'd revere ;
Sincerity every good action shou'd bind,
'Twas the noblest of passions that reign'd in the mind.

I told her it would be the pride of my life,
The very next morning to make her my wife ;
In me a kind lover she ever shou'd find,
Since I was in love with the charms of the mind.

She gave me her hand, and said she'd be mine,
I seiz'd it with raptures as a blessing divine ;
At the church the next morning we joyful were join'd,
And now I possess both her person and mind.

XX

S O N G.

Dans Votre Lit.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

DANS votre lit, the bright parterre :
Should Flora bloom a lilly fair,
A smiling jonquil I should be,
To blow (sweet flower) beside of thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

Or nodding in the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the roses blush ;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

Dans votre Lit, &c.
When

When every flower that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around ;
Sweet flower, I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

S O N G.

Favourite Ballad, by Haydn.

Sung by Miss George, at Freemasons Hall.

YOUNG Hal called softly, " Rise my dear!
'Tis I your true love—can't you hear ?"
He tapp'd and tapp'd, impatient grown,
Again he call'd and said,
" Why, Nancy, love, won't you come down ?"
" No, no !" reply'd the maid.

" The wind is bleak, the night is dark ;
" Disturbed the village watch-dogs bark ;
" Full five long miles for thee I've come,
" O'er dreary moorlands stray'd ;
" Rise from thy bed and make me room,"
" No, no !" reply'd the maid.

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
And curs'd his fate, and love forswore ;
But as he turn'd, he heard the key,
As tho' to creak afraid ;
" You'll not prove false, sure," whisper'd she—
" No, no, my charming maid."

Thrice kifs the lovers, thrice the clock
Beat on the bell, thrice crow'd the cock.
Yet still right loath was Hal to go,
Tho' Nancy beg'd and pray'd ;
Till laughing, neighbours cried " Oh, ho !"
" It's so my pretty maid !"

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in the Opera of Fontainbleau.

THE British lion is my sign,
 A roaring trade I drive on;
 Right English usage—neat French wine,
 A landlady may thrive on,
 At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle,
 And while to me you bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle:
 Your rhino rattle, come
 Men and cattle, come
 All to Mrs. Casey;
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

When drest and seated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, or beau, or belle come,
 Let captains kiss me if they dare,
 It's fir, your kindly welcome!
 On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,
 Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,
 And if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

Let love fly here on filken wings,
 His tricks I still connive at:
 The lover who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.
 On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips in kisses mingle,
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Fontainebleau.

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the Hummums 'till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter;
 Your honour, says he, and he tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce,
 With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing,
 smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,
 tumbling;
 Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swaggering,
 staggering;
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow;
 This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phæt'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reigns and my elbows I square;
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,
 Through Pall-mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;
 Till losing a wheel, egad down come I smack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;
 At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose,
 And then at both Play Houses pop in my nose;
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swagger,
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.
 I meet at the Shakespear a good-natur'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini, in Richard Cœur de Lion.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I seize,
And press it too whene'er I please.
And none can see, and none reprove :
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore ;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.



S O N G.

The Brunette.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

MY heart's soft emotions admit no disguise,
To cheat the poor nymphs of the plain,
For the passion I feel is confess'd by my eyes,
And love shews the wound of the swain.

And love

Would you know all the magic that lives in her mein,
By which my fond heart she has won ;
Go take (like the Grecians) each beauty that's seen,
And comprize all their graces in one ;

Then

Then wonder like me at the pleasure-fraught Bet,
And wear the soft chains of the lovely Brunette.

The wandering kiddlings that sport on the hills
Leave their browsing to list to her lay,
She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
And arrests the bright chariot of day :
The winds stop enraptur'd to list to my Bet,
And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Had I all the wealth stout avarice fought,
When he ravag'd the glittering mine :
Had I all the treasures that Cræsus had bought,
The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine ;
But trifles like these are despis'd by my Bet,
For merits alone wins the lovely Brunette.

S O N G.

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

I N my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew ;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew ;
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart !
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
Wak'd the warblers of the grove ;
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love ?

Your

Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

S O N G.

Sung in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love :
Yes, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirit fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale !

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or, should you, love, each danger scorn,
Ah ! how shall I secure
Your health—'midst toils which you were born
To sooth—but not endure :
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail ;
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

S O N G.

What a Charming Thing's a Battle.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle ;
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle ;
Every heart with joy elating !

With

With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front, and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying,
Just like sparrows, as it were.

At each pop
Hundreds drop,
While the muskets, prittle prattle;
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall,
Like bad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot,
All go to't;
Kill's the word both men and cattle;
Then to plunder;
Blood and thunder.
What a charming thing's a battle!

S O N G.

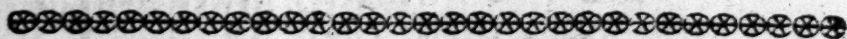
Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,
(To which I will drink to sweet Kate of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r woven harbour as gay as you please,
With

With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in a covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug:
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.



S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Doyle, in the Medley, or Harlequin every
Where.*

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn;
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

Chorus.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Aëtion been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to baul,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while ware-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

The Mulberry Tree.

Sung in the Jubilee.

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the
tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
thee:

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry!

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear;

All shall yield, &c.

The

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast :
 Of the fur we make ships—there are thousands that
 fight,
 But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
 All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'r's,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs,
 The garden of Shakespeare all pleasures will suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church ;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find—
 He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree :
 Give Phoebus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
 All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bay, and the vine all in one.
 All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
 Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.
 All shall yield, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Shannon's Flowery Banks.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

IN summer when the leaves were green, and blossoms deck'd each tree,
Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love to me ;

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told his tale—

O Patty ! softest of thy sex ! O let fond love prevail !
Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief and care :—

Ah no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth, on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs and play'd such artless pranks ;

But woe is me ! the press-gang came, and forc'd my Ned away,

Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding day.

My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my heart is thine ;—

All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and toil is mine :

With riches I'll return to thee—I fobb'd out words of thanks—

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry
banks,
And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile
ranks ;
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his absence
sad I mourn'd—
The peace was made—the ship came back—but Teddy
ne'er return'd !
His beauteous face, his manly form, but won a nobler
fair—
My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad
despair.
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid, while you stand round
in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head, on Shannon's
flow'ry banks.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THE top-sails shiver in the wind,
The ship she's cast to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary moor'd with thee :
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales :
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves.

No

No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are the cares—but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain.
Now England's glory rest with you—
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

XX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers so
gay,
Sound, found, my stout archers, found horns, and
away,
With arrows sharp pointed we go.
See Sol now arises in splendor so bright;
To Pæan, for Phœbus who leads to delight,
All glorious illum'd now rises to fight;
'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine:
Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine;
While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
For archers, true sons of the game,
Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing;
Love, friendship, and beauty make the air ring,
Wishing health and success to our country and king;
Encrease to their honour and fame.

SONG.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdes sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seat at her door.

And deck'd the, &c.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;
Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love flyly stole into my breast.

Love flyly, &c.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied ;
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Yet take me, &c.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek ;
So simple tho' sweet were her charms ;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

And lock'd th, &c.

Now

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep ;

And if on the banks by a stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,

Her Image still softens my dream.

Her Image, &c.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views,

Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,

And marks out new themes for my muse.

And marks out, &c.

To pomp or proud titles, she ne'er cou'd aspire ;

The damsel's of humble descent ;

The cottager Peace is well known for her fire ;

The shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The shepherds, &c.

S O N G.

Cupid's Triumphant.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,

Sing, and love, and laugh with me ;

Cupid is my theme of story ;

'Tis his godship's fame and glory ;

How all yield unto his law !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

O'er the grave and o'er the gay

Cupid takes his share of play ;

He makes hero's quit their glory :

He's the god most fam'd in story ;

Bending them unto his law.

Ha ! ha ! bi ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity—piercing hearts :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions :
Firmly fix'd in Cupid's law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you :
Then ye, maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry.
Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

D U E T.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr, in Rosina.

William.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see ;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phæbe.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

William.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

Phæbe.

Phæbe.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
 His cheeks are as fresh as the rose ;
 He looks like a 'squire of high degree
 When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

S O N G.

*The Wedding Day.**Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

WHAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or grove,
 Will envy my innocent lays,
 The song of the heart, and the offspring of love,
 When sung in my Corydon's praise.
 O'er brook and o'er brake, as he hies to the bow'r,
 How lightsome my shepherd ran trip,
 And sure when of love he describes the soft power,
 The honey-dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose, the violet how sweet,
 And sweet is the eglantine breeze,
 But Corydon's kiss, when by moon-light we meet,
 To me is far sweeter than these.
 I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
 I sigh when I offer to speak,
 And oh ! what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,
 When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,
 Let the pipe thro' the village resound,
 Be smiles in each face, O ye shepherds to day,
 And ring the bells merrily roud.
 Your favours prepare, my companions with speed,
 Assist me my blushes to hide,
 A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed
 To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Cowden Knows.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves :
But my lov'd song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows ;
For sure so sweet, so fair a broom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd that e'er dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art :
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader haughs, and Leader side ;
O how I blest the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows,
For sure so fresh, so bright a broom,
Elsewhere there never grows !
Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,
Nor bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve among the broom ;

Ye

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed, and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
 His golden looks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny liltin' tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou.
 Dear she lov'd the well-known song,
 While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Down the bourne, &c.

Costly claithe she had but few,
 Of rings and jewels nae great store;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
 Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
 O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithful heart;
 Sweet the joys the lovers find!
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.

Down the bourne, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter,
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter.
 The noble mind is not all
 By poverty degraded ;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.
 Or give me, &c.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us ;
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum ;
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
 No !—every Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.
 Or give me, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To

To you no soul should bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

And when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the dow'r,
 With his mate shall the sports have begun:
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can
 blame?—
 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,
 Believe me thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.



S O N G.

A Naval Song.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded be for ever, the famous ninety-two!
 Brave Ruffel did discern, by dawn of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing now:
 All hands aloft, aloft,—let English valour shine;
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line:

Let

Let every man supply his gun ;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry valiant mind to victory doth aspire ;
The bloody fight's begun, and the sea is all on fire ;
And mighty Fate stood looking on ;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder, affright the gallic shore :
Their regulated band stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers, now no more :
At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victor led,
To give the second blow—the fatal overthrow :
Now death and horror equal reign ;
Now they cry,
Run or die :
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands ;
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate ;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands :
The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate :
For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty god of war !
Now we sing,
Bless the King !
Let us drink to every British tar.



S O N G.

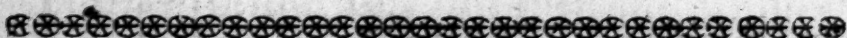
Sung in the Duenna.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou that fond boast disown)
 Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
 To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by that hand I prest to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine !

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

A G A I N Britannia smile !
 Smile at each threat'ning foe !
 To save this drooping isle,
 See Rodney strikes the blow !
 For Rodney quickly will regain
 Thy sovereign o'er the main.

Against

Against the treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine;
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main!
Long may he victor prove!
Rewards still sure to gain
Of King and people's love:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

S O N G.

Bow Wow Wow.

Written by Captain Morris.

And sung by Mr. Hooke, at the Anacreontic Society.

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell a merry story,
About a British farmer and Billy P—tt, the tory.
I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,
Who sail'd right from England, and lies in Boston
harbour.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
Bow wow, wów.

This Billy he is call'd Britannia's prime ruler,
Tho' he's but a puppet that's held out to fool her!
His name is a passport to get in old finners;
So he deals the cards, that the knaves may be winners!

Bow wow wow, &c.

He was bred up a Whig, but with Nabobs to thrive,
 Sir ;
 Who have votes in the House, about two out of five,
 Sir ;
 He gave up the people, and vow'd to his scandal,
 They should seek for their bread without day-light or
 candle.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Now it hap'd to the country he went for a blessing,
 And from the State Dad to get a new lesson.
 He went to Dad Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended ;
 In such company, good lack ! how his morals must
 be mended !

Bow wow wow, &c.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to Boston ;
 His bowels are soft, for they yearn'd for Indostan.
 If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and
 tar him,
 With forty lacking one too, I'd lame him and I'd
 • fear him.

Bow wow wow, &c.

With his skin full of wine, and his head full of state
 tricks,
 Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his late
 tricks,
 He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,
 And, both drunk as pipers, they knock'd their heads
 together.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Now so it fell out, that this pair were benighted,
 And drove out of the road ; so the statesman alighted :
 And to get in again away scrambl'd they, Sir,
 To find the back road unto the King's highway, Sir.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Long

Long lost in the dark were these lights of the nation;
But stumbled at last to a small habitation;
To which they march'd up, while the fowls, in confusion,
Thought their lives were aimed at by this bold intrusion!

Bow wow wow, &c.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and sore Billy baited:
The wife she cried out, "We be all ruinated!"
Then straightway she snatch'd up the vessel she p—d
in,
To pour on the head of this darkling Philistine.

Bow wow wow, &c.

The husband awak'd, by her rage and her screaming,
And shrewdly supposing his wife might be dreaming;
To make matters short, snatch'd his gun in a fury,
And cried, "Sons of Belial! I've got what will cure
"ye."

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy began for to make an oration,
As oft times he had done to bamboozle the nation;
But Hodge cried, "Begone, or I'll crack thy young
"crown for't":
"Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues, I'll be
"bound for't."

Bow wow wow, &c.

'Now Hodge' quoth the wife, 'don't you mind his
'loud bant'ring;
'For certain he has under his coat a drak lanthorn.
'Shut the gate of the court, if he once gets within it,
'He'll whip up the back-stairs, I'll be bound in a
'minute.'

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then

Then the wife she went on—‘ Can you go for to say
 ‘ now,
 ‘ Any good upon earth made thee take this bye-way
 ‘ now ?
 ‘ Thou can’st to get foot in the house ; that’s the
 ‘ plan on’t ;
 ‘ And so let in thy gang, to make what they can
 ‘ on’t.’

Bow wow wow, &c.

‘ Don’t you hear how the brazen-fac’d rogue now
 ‘ pretends, man ?
 ‘ He crept up in the dark, but for virtuous ends,
 ‘ man !
 ‘ He says he’s our friend ! but it’s no such a thing,
 ‘ man,
 ‘ The impudent dog would say to the King, man !’

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,
 And knowing his deeds would not stand woman’s jury ;
 Felt the spirit of Jenky a dangerous potion ;
 And roar’d out to Harry to speak for the motion.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Harry stepped up : but Hodge shrewdly supposing
 His part was to steal, whilst the other was profing,
 Let fly at poor Billy, and shot thro’ his lac’d coat :
 Oh ! what pity ’twas it did not hit his waistcoat !

Bow wow wow, &c.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations ;
 Solid men of Boston banish strong potations ;
 Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sun-down,
 And never lose your way, like the loggerheads in
 London.

Bow wow wow, &c.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

OF all the pretty flowers,
A cowslip's my delight:
With that I'd pass my hours,
Both morning, noon, and night.
To be sure I would, &c.

This cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
And look'd so fresh and gay,
Says I, you're dress'd so neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be sure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the shelf;
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
And then lay down myself.
To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early,
Upon a bed did rest;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And stick it in my breast.
To be sure I could, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Wishes of the Heart.

YOUNG Sally, pride of all the plain,
Was woo'd by every neighbouring swain,
Each own'd the pleasing smart;
But Edward was the youth she lov'd,
She felt the flame, and felt—approv'd
The wishes of the heart.

No

No less enamour'd was the youth,
His passion was replete with truth,
He lov'd devoid of art ;
Often with joy he own'd the flame,
To speak (the youth was not too blame)
The wishes of his heart.

One eve as thro' the grove he stray'd,
He spy'd his Sally, lovely maid,
Preparing to depart ;
Oh stay, lov'd girl! the shepherd cry'd,
Hear my sad tale, and don't deride
The wishes of my heart.

With tender eye she view'd the swain,
To hide her love she thought was vain,
But bow to Cupid's dart ;
She blush'd consent, with look so sweet,
As bid the shepherd to repeat
The wishes of his heart.

He bless'd the mandate, own'd love's hour,
Conjur'd her in this happy hour
That they might never part ;
She smil'd, at church they soon were blest,
And now the lovers both possess
The wishes of their heart.

S. O N G.

The Virgin's First Love.

HOW sweet is the joy when our blushes impart
The youthful affection which glows in the heart,
When prudence and duty and reason approve,
The timid delight of the Virgin's First Love.

But

But if the fond Virgin be destin'd to feel,
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
Let a stern parent's anger the flame disapprove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love?

If stolen the glance by which Love is confess'd,
If the sigh when half-heav'd be with terror suppress'd;
If the whisper of passion cold caution must move,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love.

Or if her fond bosom with tenderness sighs
For a lover, who ceases her passion to prize,
Forgetting the vows with which warmly he strove
To gain the soft charms of the Virgin's First Love.

If tempted by int'rest he ventures to shun
The gentle affections his tenderness won,
With another thro' passion's wild mazes to rove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love?

See her eye, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
Now beaming with scorn, and now glitt'ning with
tears;

How great is the anguish she's fated to prove!
Farewell the delight of the Virgin's First Love.

No more sweet emotion shall glow on her cheek,
But paleness her bosom's keen agony speak,
And dimm'd by affliction that eye shall now prove,
Which spoke the mild warmth of the Virgin's First
Love.

And now, said companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flatt'ring dress;
Sure the blush on that cheek ev'ry fear must remove,
Ah no! 'tis the effects of the Virgin's First Love.

Still brighter's the colour which glows on her cheek,
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;

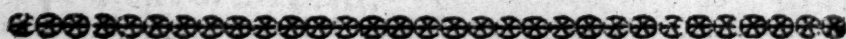
Yet

Yet vain are the hopes these appearances move,
Fond parent! they spring from the Virgin's First Love.

And now, not unconscious that death hovers near,
On her face see the smiles of contentment appear;
No struggle, no groan, his dread summons to prove,
He ends the fond dream of the Virgin's First Love.

Ye nymphs! ere your bosoms with tenderness heave,
Let your choice from a glad function receive,
Lest hopeless affection's keen anguish you prove,
And Hymen ne'er smile on the Virgin's First Love.

But chiefly beware that the much-favour'd youth
Is wholly devoted to you and to truth,
Lest the anguish of slighted affection you prove,
And death end the dream of the Virgin's First Love.



S O N G.

The Happy Shepherd.

WITH the Sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flock to yonder mead,
By the fields of yellow corn;
These my gentle lambs I feed,
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe, and play.

Laura too oft joins the strain,
Calls the wand'rer to his mate,
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate,
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe, and play.

Tho'

Tho' no splendour decks my cot,
 With my las I live content,
 May it be my happy lot
 Thus to love, and ne'er repent ;
 Ever happy, ever gay,
 On the merry pipe, and play.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Silver-ton'd Trumpet.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to
 arms,

Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms ;
 Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind ;
 For how could I leave the dear charmer behind !
 Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,
 Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast by my side ;
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.
 Now olive-rob'd peace kind advances again,
 And her blessing dispenses wide over the plain ;
 Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,
 Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song ;
 Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
 While the beams of contentment are form'd in each
 eye :

Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.
 What mortal like me so transcendently blest,
 When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her breast ?
 The laurel of conquest I give to the wind—
 'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd ;
 But when thus united, how noble the name !
 That envy must wait on so happy a fame ;
 Love stood my protector in all my alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

SONG.



S O N G.

The London Mercer.

Sung by Mr. Edwin in Two to One.

A Mercer I am in a very good stile,
Neat and pretty by jingo!
I bow and smirk,
I noddle and jerk,
Then prick up and perk,
And simper and smile;
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
Lord I am quite the thing!
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!

At Bagnigge Wells sometimes I sip tea,
At Islington sip good fingo:
I shut up my shop,
And out of town pop,
Thence dance at a hop;
He! he! he! he! he!
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
A'nt I quite the thing?
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!



S O N G.

The City Corporation.

YE bucks who so oft at the city have sneer'd,
Because round their table you never appear'd.
Attend to a brother, whose aim is at least,
To give at their cost a prodigious fine feast.

Derry down, &c.

The

The mouth is the place my friends let me tell ye,
That leads on to silence the grumbling belly,
For the belly's a place to deposit a meal,
With the wide op'ning mouth 'tis convenient to seal.

Derry down, &c.

Mayor, Alderman, Commons, for once all agree,
From discord, abuse, and e'en dulness quite free,
Tho' strange, this is fact, and I'll tell you the cause,
They are met like good friends, for the good of their
maws.

Derry down, &c.

The old charter of stuffing so much at free cost,
Being lately expos'd, and of course nearly lost,
They begin to discover provisions are dear,
And the reason they'd trace of the Ills they most fear.

Derry down, &c.

To give those a reason, my friend is but kind,
Whose eyes at length open'd, to reason long blind,
Now weep with contrition, repenting the past,
Content to do penance, tho' dreading to fast.

Derry down, &c.

Not so plain is the nose on the Alderman's face,
Which the big bloated cheeks, scarce permit one to
trace,

As the cause why provisions of all kinds grow dear,
As the means of averting the evil they fear.

Derry down, &c.

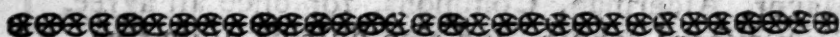
While at breakfast the food each swell bellied block,
Is three pound of lambs fry, and two quarts of hock,
And each meal thro' the day, takes an adequate heap,
How the devil my friends can provisions be cheap?

Derry down, &c.

If

If in earnest they are, let the glutt'nous elves,
 This moment begin a reform on themselves,
 That the world may no longer have reason to fear,
 What they meet to make cheap, they still eat to make
 dear.

Derry down, &c.



S O N G.

The Sailor's Relief.

Tune, Come listen to my Ditty.

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
 Messmates heave a hand with me,
 Lend a brother sailor chorus,
 While he sings our lives at sea :
 O'er the wide wave-swellling ocean,
 Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low ;
 As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
 When our time's come, we must go.

Tune, Life is chequered.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,
 Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
 Down your stay-sails hand, boys, hand ;
 Now set the braces,
 Don't make wry faces,
 But the lee top-sail sheets let go ;
 Starboard here,
 Larboard there ;
 Turn your quid,
 Take a swear,
 Yo ! yo ! yo !

First

First Tune again.

Oh! ye landsmen, idle lying
 All along-side beauty's charms,
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
 Free from all but love's alarms.
 While on billows, billows rolling,
 Death appears in every form,
 On no ladies laps we're rolling,
 No kind kiss can calm the storm.

But loud peals on peals are clashing,
 Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks;
 In our eyes fierce lightning flashing,
 Scorch the sails, and stench the decks.
 Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
 Black, o'erspread the face of day,
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
 Fiery skies the sparkling spray.

High, the tossing tempest heaves us,
 Tow'rd the pole aloft we go,
 While the clouds seem to receive us,
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below.
 In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
 Down we sink from sight of sky,
 By the swell as instant up thrown,
 Hark! what means yon dismal cry!

The foremast's gone, yells some sad tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck,
 Quick the lanyards cut in pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold,
 Plumb the well the leak increases—
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
 Warring waves around us foam,
 For the worst, while we're preparing,
 Nature shrinks, and sighs for home;
 There our babes perhaps are saying,
 In their little lisping strain,
 As round their mother's knees they're playing,
 Daddy soon will come again.

Tune, Early one morn a jolly young Tar.

If we must die, why die we must,
 'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun.
 When our debt's due, for death won't trust,
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun.
 As to life's striking its flag, never fear,
 Our cruize is out, that's all my brother,
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,
 So let's ship ourselves off for another.

Tune, The first again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
 See her mizen mast is going,
 On the lee beam lies the land.
 Rising rocks appear before us,
 Hopeless, yet for help we call,
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
 To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now dismay, with aspect horrid,
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
 And despair, with bristly forehead,
 On each bloodless face appears.
 Sadly we view the ruthless wave—
 O'erwhelming seas roll mountain high;
 The swell comes on, our watery grave.—
 Hark! what means yon happy cry!

The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
 We'll again lead sailor's lives ;
 Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.

S O N G.

Fortitude.

THAT noble passion fortitude,
 A Briton still will claim ;
 For ever when in servitude,
 T'add honour to his name ;
 From every danger he is arm'd,
 From every fear he's free ;
 By freedom is his bosom warmed,
 And joys in liberty.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Davies, in Two to One.

THERE is a chambermaid lives in the South,
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so handy—o!
 Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Never could I clasp the waste of Sukey, Sal, or Peg,
 Their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy—o!
 But slim and taper is the waist ; the neat and pretty leg
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

L

Tippet

Tippet of the South, if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart like
brandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
beguile,

But take her altogether, she's the dandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
beguile;

And Tippet's little total is the dandy—o!

A Hunting S O N G.

THIS morning Aurora peep'd over the hills,
And the frost had deserted the meadows and rills,
And the heart chearing horn did enliven the hound,
Who with nostrils extended snuff'd over the ground.
We mounted our horses devoid of all care,
For no pleasure can equal the chace of the hare.

To the chace we have been unattended by fear,
For friendship was present when danger was near;
With joy and delight the fleet hare we pursue,
What music can equal the hounds in a view;
When shouts and rejoicings then rended the air,
With the cry of the hounds at the death of the hare.

Then the morn it is passed, in the evening we join,
In mirth and good fellowship, freedom and wine;
No disputes at our meeting shall ever appear,
No scoundrel partake of our temperate cheer;
But hearts fill'd with joy, we merrily sing,
Success to our country, and health to our king.

SONG

S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,
 To usher in the May;
 And nature clad in mantle green,
 All sprig'd with flow'rets gay:
 The feather'd songsters of the grove,
 Then join in harmony and love.

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
 Low builds her humble nest;
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,
 Is sure supremely blest:
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

S O N G.

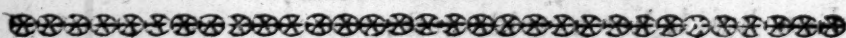
The Charms of Indolence.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obsequious to the muse and me:
 For once endure the pain to think,
 O sweet insensibility!
 Sister of peace and indolence,
 Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow:
 Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow:

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
 There let me doze away dull hours;
 And under me let Flora spread
 A sofa of her choicest flow'rs;

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,
 While murmurs of the stream beneath
 Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O idleness! the woes
 Of life we patiently endure!
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure:
 For who would bear war's toil and waste,
 Or who the thunders of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee?



S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

YOUNG Roger the ploughman, who wanted a
 mate,
 Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
 With nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,
 (His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.
 Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he:
 So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall;
 Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing
 at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
 She fimper'd and blush'd, with her apron-string play'd,
 'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that Roger and Kate should be one.
 In silence the young ones nodded assent;
 Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,
 Where they answer'd the parson with voices so small,
 You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing at
 all.

But

But mark what a change—in the course of a week,
 Kate quite left off blushing—Roger boldly could
 speak ;
 Could joke with his dreary, laugh loud at the jest ;
 She could coax too and fondle as well as the best ;
 And ashamed of past folly they've often declar'd,
 To encourage young folks who at courtship are fear'd,
 If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
 When once you are us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

GOOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,
 And look so queer, I know not how,
 And set your arms a kimbo ;
 My laughter you now provoke,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 So pleasant is the joke.

If, fir, I choose to try my skill
 Of fencing, soon you'd have your fill ;
 But mighty Signior Whiskers,
 With you I won't engage,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prithee friend, don't draw your sword,
 I shan't draw mine upon my word ;
 Nor could I fight for laughing,
 Where I to look at you :
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 And so sweet fir, adieu.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Ben and Kate of Invermay, by Mr. Upton.

Ben.

"FAREWELL, sweet Kate," the sailor cry'd
 " War calls your Ben away ;
 " Wence peace returns, I'll make my bride
 " Sweet Kate of Invermay."

Kate.

" Farewell, my Ben," fair Kate reply'd.
 " Since honour wills it so ;
 " May angels o'er thy fate preside,
 " And shield thee from each foe !"

Ben.

" I thank thee, Love—and now no fear
 " Can reach thy sailor's heart ;
 " (Save only one, my beauteous dear)
 " 'Tis Kate,—we now must part."

Kate.

" Far be't from me to bid thee stay,
 " When battle calls to arms !
 " Britannia bids thee, Ben, away,
 " Quell Albion's dread alarms."

Ben.

" She doth—but must I leave my Kate
 " Without one parting kiss ?
 " Forb'd it, Heav'n ! forbid it, Fate !
 " Take this—and this—and this."

She

She press'd her balmy lips to his,
 And took a fond adieu ;
 He flies - returns—and crowns their bliss,
 Serves Love—and Honour too.

Sweet fair, ne'er check the glowing youth
 When Honour calls away,
 So shall your loves be crown'd with truth,
 Like those of Invermay.



S O N G.

Sung in Fontainbleau.

LET fame sound the trumpet, and cry, "to the war!"

Let glory re-echo the strain;
 The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
 And heroes may smile on their pain.
 The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,
 And stagger about with his bowl;
 On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
 And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
 Each virtue, each joy to improve;
 Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,
 And the fair that I tenderly love!
 What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
 And riot the pleasure of wine:
 What riches but trouble? and titles a name,
 But friendship and love are divine!

S O N G.

Sung in the C'oleric Fathers.

WHEN o'er the world the heedless lamb
Hath, 'till the dusky twilight, stray'd,
His simple plains cry'd "here I am,
"Of night and solitude afraid."

But if far off his dam he hears,
Echoing oft the mournful bleat,
He runs and stops, and hopes and fears,
And bounds with pleasure when they meet.

S O N G.

Sung in Too Civil by Half.

WHEN order first from Chaos sprung,
Fair England blooming came,
And ancient bards their lyres strung,
To found its rising fame.

Chorus. When British cannons roar,
Against proud France and Spain,
From shore to shore,
Great Britain rules the main.

Health led her sons throughout the isle,
And round its fertile land;
The ocean made its subjects smile,
Her commerce to command.

When British, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Lucy, the Fair Queen of Hearts.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

FAREWELL to the park and the play,
Farewell the assembly and ball,
Ye parties so frolic and gay;
With pleasure farewell to you all.
No joys can I now find in wine,
Shot through with sly Cupid's keen darts,
My freedom well pleas'd I resign,
To Lucy the fair Queen of Hearts.
For Lucy I sigh, for Lucy I die,
For Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

Tho' beauties are plenty I own,
Regardless I view their dull charms,
Nor beauty cou'd conquer alone,
But beauty and merit disarms.
Insipid to me all their faces,
In vain they play off all their arts,
Compar'd to the numberless graces
Of Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

For Lucy I sigh, &c.

She listens to all that I say,
She blushes whenever we meet,
Tho' with others she's lively and gay,
With me she is grave and discreet.
To church then I'll lead my fair bride,
And scorning deceitful base arts,
Still happy whate'er may betide,
With Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

For Lucy I sigh, &c.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Come Kifs Me Said He.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Damon was whistling brisk and gay,
With waistcoat so red and stockings so grey,
Just merrily come from the fair,
He met pretty Sue in the way,
Come kifs me, said he,
I won't, said she,
You're bold, and I hate you, I do declare.

He offer'd a ribbon her hair to bind,
Dear Susan come kifs, and in pity be kind,
Or I'll hang in a fit of despair;
Despair, cried the maiden, is blind,
Then kifs me, says he,
I won't, says she,
You think that I love you, I don't I declare.

Shall we go to the parson, he roguishly said,
She curtsied, cried yes, blush'd and held down her
head,
With a look that dispell'd all his care;
For she found that he wish'd her to wed.
Well, kifs me, says he,
I will, says she,
I'll kifs when we're wed, not till then I declare.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Blue-ey'd Patty.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing:
Old Chevy-chace, God save the King,

Fair

Fair Rosamond, and Sawney Scot,
Lillibullero, and what not :

All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,
As with her pail she trudg'd along,
While still the burden of my song,
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts, and chilling rain,
Too soon, alas! choak'd ev'ry strain ;
Too soon, alas! the miry way
Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,

And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty ;
While I for very mad did cry,
Ah ! could I but again, said I,
Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty !

Love taught me how : I work'd, I sang ;
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
'Till I had form'd from out the fire,
To bear her feet above the mire,
An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.

Again was heard each tuneful close,
My fair one in the patten rose,
Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

S O N G.

Sung in Richard Cœur de Lion.

LET me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny,
Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh ! what delight, wou'd you our pastimes share.
With dance and song,
We'll join the throng,
And banish every care ;

For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may one tender lay,
 Oh! Love, O! gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, my dear father, tho' young I can please,
 The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:
 Yes, yes, I'm sure, he can't say nay,
 We all shall keep this holiday:
 Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
 If you but think to Julia to advance,
 Altho' not yet
 Tall as Laurette,
 I think you'll own I can dance,
 With sprightly step
 I'll bound, I'll leap,
 And sing all day
 That happy lay,
 Of Love, O! gentle pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Forster, in Inkle and Yarico.

THO' lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the heart,
 Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all
 know;
 But of all the bad shots, he's the worst in the art
 Who shoots at a pigeon and kills a crow—O ho!
 Your master has kill'd a crow.

When youngsters go out, the first time in our lives,
 At random they shoot, and let fly as they go;
 So our master unskill'd how to level at wives,
 Has shot at a pigeon, and kill'd a crow.

O ho, &c.

Love

Love and money thus wasted, in terrible trim !
 His powder is spent, and his shot running low :
 Yet the pigeon he miss'd, I've a notion with him
 Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.

No! no!

Your master may keep his crow.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in Richard Cœur de Lion.

OH! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
 The truth to thee I wou'd confide,
 Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
 Whene'er his eyes I meet,
 I feel my heart begins to beat,
 It beats and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently presses,
 A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
 Ah! more than blushes could impart,
 And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
 The truth to thee I wou'd confide,
 Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
 Whene'er his eyes I meet,
 I feel my heart begins to beat,
 It beats and trembles too.

S O N G.

Phebe of the Vale.

YOUNG William, frolicksome and gay,
 Was crossing o'er a stile,
 His heart and thoughts were blythe as May,
 Unus'd to care and toil;

His

His generous breast, by nature taught,
To list to others woes,
The widows 'plaints his feelings caught,
For who can them oppose.

Sweet Phebe tripping o'er the lawn,
Was notic'd by our swain,
She fill'd his breast soon with love's thorns,
He look'd and look'd again;
Oh! heav'n born maid, ah, prithee stay,
Let nature now prevail;
Tell me your name, the nymph did say,
'Tis Phebe of the vale.

Then gentle Phebe quick infill
Some pity in your breast;
What throbbing pains mine now do fill,
Indeed 'tis robb'd of rest;
Never 'till now sweet lovely maid,
Did love my breast assail;
Ah! don't sincerity upbraid,
Sweet Phebe of the vale.

Ah, no the cry'd, forbid it love
That I should cruel be;
There is but one my breast can move,
"And that sweet youth is thee;"
What joys, says William, fills my breast,
Since nature will prevail;
For every virtue is possess'd,
By Phebe of the vale.

S O N G.

The Contented Peasant.

THE dear domestic joys of life,
Are worth a thousand others;
A tender mate, who love not strife,
Kind sisters and good brothers.

No

No peevish passions break our peace,
 Or raise contentious storm;
 But what we know will serve or please,
 Our ready hands perform.

We never faunter out by day,
 Or do our work by halves;
 I mind the sheep, the corn and hay,
 My wife the cows and calves.

The field, the dairy, and the flock,
 Our honest wealth create;
 Our children, servants, and our stock,
 Are our affairs of state.

At op'ning day we greet the sun,
 And rise refresh'd and healthy;
 And find that 'tis by duty done,
 We grow both wise and wealthy.

Thus thro' a lengthen'd line of years,
 We've all our wishes crave;
 And blest with more than hopes or fears,
 We find a peaceful grave.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G,

Colin that lives in the Vale.

Sung by Miss Bertles, at Vauxhall.

JESSAMIN sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green;
 And the roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene.
 In a cottage retirement there lives
 Young Colin, and Phœbe the Fair;
 The blessings each other receives,
 In mutual enjoyment they share:

And

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
They're constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

They're constant, &c.

The sweets of contentment supply
The splendor and grandeur of pride ;
No wants can the shepherd annoy,
While blest with his beautiful bride :
He wishes no greater delight
Than to tend on his lambkins by day ;
And return to his Phœbe at night,
His innocent toil to repay :
And the lads tells the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale,

If her lover delighted appears,
The fair one partakes of his bliss ;
If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
And heals ev'ry pain with a kiss.
Ye swains, who're accusom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair one betray ;
From this pair learn the true joys of love,
And his dictates with honour obey ;
Your passions, fond shepherds, will surely prevail,
If constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, at the Anacreontic Society.

TO Anacreon, in heaven, where he sat in full
glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Gre-
cian :

“ Voice,

“ Voice, fiddle and flute,
 “ No longer be mute,
 “ I’ll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot :
 “ And besides, I’ll instruct you like me to entwine,
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

The news thro’ Olympus immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs :
 “ If these mortals are suffer’d their scheme to pursue,
 “ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 “ Hark ! already they cry,
 “ In transports of joy,
 “ Away to the sons of Anacreon we’ll fly ;
 “ And there with good fellows, we’ll learn to en-
 “ twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

“ The yellow-hair’d god his nine fusty maids
 “ From Helicon’s banks will incontinent flee ;
 “ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 “ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be :
 “ My thunder, no fear on’t,
 “ Shall soon do its errand,
 “ And d—n me, I’ll swinge the ring-leaders, I war-
 “ rant ;
 “ I’ll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, “ Pr’ythee ne’er quarrel,
 “ Good king of the gods, with my vot’ries below ;
 “ Your thunder is useless : Then shewing his laurel,
 Cried, “ *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
 “ Then over each head,
 “ My laurel I’ll spread,
 “ So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 “ dread ;
 “ Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially
 “ twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

Next

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join.
 " The full tide of harmony still should be his,
 " But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall
 " be mine,
 " Then, Jove, be not jealous
 " Of these honest fellows :"
 Cried Jove, " we relent, since the truth you now
 " tell us :
 " And swear by old Stryx, that they long shall en-
 " twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plan'd ;
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united, and free ;
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

A NEW SONG.

The Triumph of Bacchus.

[The Triumph of Venus, an elegant song, written by Captain Morris, gave rise to the following, in which it is attempted to transfer the wreath he had placed upon the brows of the Queen of Love, to the God of Wine.]

JOVE once from Olympus, his eyes cast on earth,
 And for want of a something saw mortals repine,
 Then Semele clasp'd, and to Bacchus gave birth,
 Who descended from Heaven and planted the vine.

By

By a sanction so rare the stem flourish'd below,
 And clusters impending, its tendrils soon grac'd,
 Whose orbs gave the high-sparkling nectar to flow,
 And the bev'rage of gods, men with rapture embrac'd.

Bacchus mark'd with delight as their lips met the bowl,
 The lank scowling visage of envy grow clear;
 Contention and discord take leave of the soul,
 And the social affections in blossom appear.

The time-furrow'd sage, when the goblet he ey'd,
 Bade science abstracted and study adieu;
 With a swig the stern stoic subdued his pride,
 And acknowledg'd the pleasures of sense to be true.

The poor ragged bard, who in epic had sung,
 And in vain for a patron had varied his lays,
 At the foot of the vine, threw his lyre unstrung,
 And exchang'd for a wreath of the ivy his bays.

Her vot'ries no longer could Venus controul,
 When the vine's magic beams pierc'd the spell of
 her charms;
 But forsaking her altar, they knelt to the bowl,
 Bacchus smil'd, and the profelytes hugg'd in his arms.

All those who partook of the banquet divine,
 Own'd the gift worthy Jove, and united agree,
 That fate's bitter cup is made grateful with wine,
 And posterity since have confirm'd the decree.

As onward we jog through the mazes of life,
 Now elated with hope — now depressed with fears,
 'Tis the balm of the bottle that softens the strife,
 And even posterity's blessing endears.

In its bright sparkling stream is the magic combin'd,
Which can sorrow and care from the bosom dis-
place ;
Make the sunshine of gaiety float on the mind,
And the smile of contentment to beam from the
face.

Come then, jolly god, with thy goblets well stor'd,
And while their soft powers my senses possess,
Let the power of freedom a shelter afford,
And friendship make sacred the blissful recess.

Each with then complete, in possession of these,
I never for riches or fame will contend :
Nor e'er, partial fortune, arraign thy decrees,
If you leave unmolested my bottle and friend.

S O N G.

The Fancy-stirring Bowl.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure.
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires ;
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking ;
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here

Here sweet benignity and love
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me.
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to Nature's feeling,
 Peace and beauty swim there to,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And wisdom wak'd and caught me.
 A bargain then with love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
 The grey-beard blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
 That part's enough of beauty's type
 To warm an honest fellow,
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts still while I'm mellow.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voy'ge, we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in;
 It may be so to pride or care,
 That's not the sea I ride in:
 Here floats my soul, till fancy's eye
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie,
 To him that's half seas over.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Tune—"How imperfect is expression."

GEN'ROUS hearts, all ease despising,
 Prompted as the feelings move,
 From low int'rest nobly rising,
 Yield of purest faith and love.
 Chains, how fruitless to restrain them!
 Since a sigh can bid 'em fall;
 Art, how feeble to regain them!
 When they fly at Nature's call.

Helpless thus, and unsuspecting,
 When the linnet's captive made,
 To each beam is soul directing,
 Still it eyes the sylvan shade.
 From the gilded mansion turning,
 To where freedom gaily moves!
 Restless flutt'ring, inly mourning,
 Still it loaths the care it proves.

S O N G.

The Beauteous Louisa.

Tune—"The High-mettled Racer."

SEE the Park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's
 begun,
 And right honor'd knaves boast of conquests they've
 won;
 But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,
 'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;
 Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,
 Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A tir-

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
 And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd ;
 But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
 The titled seducer expell'd her his arms :
 E'en the conquest hard won he insults with his breath,
 Tho' the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Tho' numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
 The penitent victim against them has strove :
 Betray'd and abused by him she ador'd,
 She now only wishes her honor restor'd ;
 But, alas ! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain,
 And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain !

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,
 The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore ;
 The breast that could spurn her may then heave a sigh,
 And wish the fair blossom still on it could lie ;
 But ah ! then how fruitless his love-proffer'd terms,
 When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms !

S O N G.

Dear Le Verrou.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

I Once had a lover that try'd ev'ry art,
 To make me believe he was honest at heart ;
 He call'd me his goddess, his joy and his dear—
 To my chamber I flew, he follow'd me there :
 In vain the pursuit, tho' he vow'd to prove true,
 My only protection was dear Le Verrou !

In solitude oft flow'd the heart-grieving tear,
 In vain was each sigh, for I scorn'd to give ear ;

His

His sentiments feign'd, mere deception and plot,
 He'd love me for ever—but marry me not;
 So I bade him get hence, and no longer pursue—
 The chamber-door shut—he sigh'd, oh, Le Verrou

Thus men are all false, tho' by beauty inspir'd;
 And virtue, true beauty, is seldom admir'd;
 Old, ugly, decrepid, men call us all fair,
 And will not dare wed, tho' to trifle they dare:
 So to dear little love I now bid adieu,
 Till Hymen himself shall remove Le Verrou.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in Marian.

HOW blest our condition, how jocund our day!
 Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold!

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
 And guard her from noon's burning beam;
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the
 grove
 The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
 To wait while she rests on the stile;
 To gather the king-cup, the woodbine or rose,
 To make her a poesy the while.

'Tis Fanny the lovely who causes my smart,
 'Tis she does all maidens excel;—
 If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd my heart,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.
 'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.

SONG.

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S O N G.

The Triumph of Venus.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the New Beef-steak Club.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotion the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe!

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone?
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart
To few is imparted—to millions deny'd:
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joys and its strife:
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god! from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by
love.

SONG

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SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

ON Entick's green meadows, where innocence
reigns,
Where pleasure and plenty for ever preside,
I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swains,
And Ralph fancy'd soon he should call me his bride.
When I first heard the drum, with the row, dow, dow,
Its music was sweeter than soft serenade,
I scorn'd all the rest for the row, dow, dow,
And sigh'd for the captain with a smart cockade.

The first e'er I saw, he march'd over our green,
His men all behind him, by two and by two;
Such a sight in a village had never been seen,
The men all in ranks were drawn out to view;
When I first heard the drum, with a row, dow, dow,
Young Cupid awak'd, such a bustle he made,
My heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow,
And went o'er to the captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy—he swore at my feet,
All his laurels he'd lay, If I'd give him my hand;
No maid could refuse a lover so sweet,
To the church then I march'd by the word of command;
Now I follow the drum with a row, dow, dow,
Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made:
No music's to me like the row, dow, dow,
No youth like the captain with a smart cockade.

SONG.

S O N G.

Yarrow Vale.

Sung by Mrs. Iliff, at Vauxhall.

IN Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Where love and youth and beauty stray,
Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam
Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.
She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,
The fanning of the western gale,
Yet sigh'd for something still to please,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Sweet pleasure reigns, she pensive said ;
Here shades indulge the shepherd's dream,
And zephyrs sooth the slumbering maid ;
While I in langour range each grove,
List'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,
And the maids unheeded rove,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
Nature his friend—his guardian love,
Colin, beneath the moon's soft beam,
Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove :
He look'd—she blush'd ; he spoke—she sigh'd :
No words are made to tell the tale ;
Oh ! charming meads and groves, she cry'd,
By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands,
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I Was, d'ye see, a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond town
 And Horsley down
 I earn'd an honest penny:

None

None could of fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sty :
 With wherry tight
 And bosom light
 I cheerfully did row,
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile
 Folks far and near carefs'd me,
 Till, woe is me,
 So lubberly
 The press-gang came and press'd me :
 How could I all these pleasures leave ?
 How with my wherry part ?
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrung my very heart.
 But when on board
 They gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully
 While on the billows rolling,
 And, night or day,
 Could find my way.
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling :
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quickfands and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind :
 In climes afar,
 The hottest war,

Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sate,
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :

Like lightning—for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each others arms!

Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame like a lubber :—No ;
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I Am the world's epitome,
 Look round it, and then say,
 Nature and man may fit to me,
 Their likeness to pourtray :

As nature, in her motley round,
 Oft shifts from day to night,
 So fickle man is varying found,
 Still changing wrong and right.

The application's prompt and ripe,
 I of all nature am the type,

So

So turn me round,
 I shall be found,
 From right to left, and left to right,
 Look how you will,
 To vary still,
 From white to black, and black to white.

Do but that learned counsel see,
 Who proves that wrong is right,
 And presently augment his fee,
 His argument takes flight :

And now unswearing what he swore,
 The burden of his song
 Reverses what he said before,
 And proves that right is wrong.

The application's prompt and ripe,
 I of that lawyer am the type :
 For turn me round, &c.

Behold yon lordly statesman frown,
 At mention of a bribe,
 As if disgrace it had brought down
 On him and all his tribe :

But left behind he'll instant seize
 Upon the well-fill'd sack,
 Nor could the strength of Hercules
 Have power to get it back.

The application's prompt and ripe,
 I of that statesman am the type :
 For turn me round, &c.

When basking in prosperity,
 Each friend to serve you burns,
 And boasting his sincerity,
 The smiling white side turns :

But let uncertain fortune frown,
And take her blessings back,
Instantly the friendly white is floun,
And every man looks black.

The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type :
For turn me round, &c.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn,
That, like a prism, reflects the morn ;
Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
That compasses the ample day :
Sweet is the balmy evening's close,
That shuts the foliage of the rose :
These to creation joys impart
Like those which warm the grateful heart.

The little songster on the spray
Spontaneous chant their grateful lay,
Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven,
They sip, and lift their heads to heaven ;
Or, for the worm or insect fly,
To feed their craving progeny :
Feelings a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wond'rous sight !
See how the germe breaks into light !
The fruitful shower the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves :
Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flowers and fruit reward his toil :

Plants,

Plants, birds, a'l nature thus impart
Joys such as warm the grateful heart.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They says the sun's my dad,
And truly I believe it, fir,
For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,
And make it look so gay,
The difference is I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun,
For I queer tricks and fancies spy
Folks never shew the sun :

Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wise ones say,
And so d'ye mind I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a usefess task,
And many a face, and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask :

Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews
To his country o'er his lamp :

So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay,
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
And he false saints by day.

S O N G.

The Tar for all Weathers.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.

The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the forefail athwart, see she quivers,
As before the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Beset three poor sailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the mainsail,
 Were every soul swept from the yard.

But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.

Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew
 Of three hundred that sailed, never landed,
 But I, and I think twenty-two.

But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
 Another guess way sat the wind,
 For to England I came and got married,
 To a lass that was comely and kind ;

But whether for joy or vexation
 We know not for what we are born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

CROWN me Bacchus, mighty god,
 The victory is thine,
 Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
 And love submits to wine :

M 6

Love,

Love, the dream of idle boys,
 That makes the sage an ass,
 Love cannot vie with those sweet joys
 That crown the sparkling glass.

To plunge in care let lovers whine,
 Such fools who will be may,
 Good fellows glass in hand combine
 To drive pale care away :

With grief of heart, how many a boy
 Goes mad to please some lass !
 We too go mad, but 'tis with joy,
 Fir'd by the sparkling glass.

How many dangle on a tree
 Who buckle to love's tether,
 True to our honest purpose we
 Hang too, but 'tis together :

The lover numbers, by his sighs,
 The moments as they pass,
 We count them in a way more wise,
 By putting round the glass.

See in his cage the lover sing,
 Wife, children, squall sonorous,
 We make the air and glasses ring,
 While singing freedom's chorus :

No never shall presumptuous love
 The joys of wine surpass,
 Worn out by bickerings, even Jove,
 Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

SONG.



S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
 Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
 And scarce a ripple shook the sea,
 When thus, for sailors, nature's care,
 What education has denied,
 Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
 By observation well supplied.

While thus in bold and honest guise,
 For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
 Drawing from wisdom comfort's drop,
 In truth and fair reflection wise,
 Right cheerfully sung
 Little Ben that kept his watch in the main top.

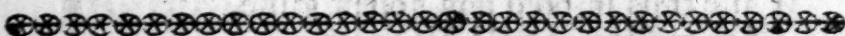
Why should the hardy tar complain?
 'Tis certain true he weathers more
 From dangers on the roaring main
 Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
 Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
 Though roaring seasons run mountains high,
 All things are built with equal care,
 First rate or wherry, man or fly:

If there's a power that never errs,
 And certainly 'tis so,
 For honest hearts what comfort's drop,
 As well as kings and emperors,
 Why not take in tow
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top?

What

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches.

Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below,
For honest hearts what comfort's drop,
As well as kings and emperors,
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.



S O N G.

Taffy and Griddy.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

ABERGAVNEY is fine, Aberistwith also,
And the lasses are as fine when to market they go;
The birds and the pretty finches sing fine in the grove,
But the finest bird of all is that little rogue luff.

Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If when I came there I should meet with my luff.

Luff me, &c.

Toil

Toil and labour is harp, and the time's very long,
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's song,
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,
And think it a day were I blest with my dear.

Luff me, &c.



S O N G.

Ben Backstay.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
Constant as purity was she,
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.

One fatal morning saw them parting,
While each the others sorrow dried,
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm;

Alas in vain the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.

In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died!

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave.
When in the mizen top his stand
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land.
Oh what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
' Oh what avails,' cried she, ' my pain ?
' He's swallow'd in the greedy main :
' Ah never shall I welcome home,
' With tender joy my honest Tom.'

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.

A riband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to shew that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near

Near to a cliff whose heights command
A prospect o'er the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,
Sudden, with rapture, she exclaim'd,

' But see, oh heaven! a ship in view,
' My Tom appears among the crew,
' The pledge he swore to bring safe home,
' Streams on his hat—'tis honest Tom.'

What now remains were easy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king, he stays at home:
Recounts each toil, and shews each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

A L A S where shall I comfort find?
My peace is gone, distressed my mind;
My heart beats high,
I know not why,
Poor heart! ah me, ah me!
So tender, artless, and so young,
I listen'd to his flatt'ring tongue,
Nor did I e'er
Suspect a snare
From one who went to sea.

For sailors kind and honest are,
They injured virtue make their care,

One,

One, only one, did e'er depart
From that prov'd rule, and he,
Ah me!
Was born to break my simple heart.

Alas, &c.

When absent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each rising morn beheld my tears,
The softest breeze in my fond fears
Did the horizon straight deform,
And Zephyr grew into a storm:
Yet to be cheated of my bliss,
And was I then so kind for this?

Alas, &c.



S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THAN marriage and music can ought be more
like!

Both are bound and cemented by strong chords;
Hymen's chains, tho' they call, yet with ecstasy
strike,

Exactly like discords and concords:

Like hooting of owls and bats on the wing,
Strife all wedding happiness garbles,
But when hearts born for pleasure in unison sing,
'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

When the wife or the husband a note sounds too sharp,
In alt both immediately soar;
On family discords they mutually harp,
Nor will either come down a note lower.

They like, &c.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace,
Dutch harmony, not Italiano ;
She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bass,
And the children squall out the soprano.

They like, &c.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

'T WAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee ;
The ample can adorn'd the board,
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the las that he ador'd,
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast :
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top gan'tails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first rate :
Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy so fine a ship to man?
She is my heart's delight!
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife,
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried;
Till, summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

S O N G.

Peggy Perkins.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

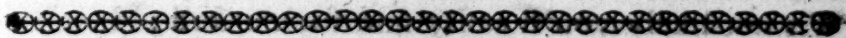
LET bards elate
Of Sue and Kate
And Moggy take their fill o,
And pleas'd rehearse
In jingling verse
The lads of Richmond hill o:
A lads more bright,
My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly sing,
Like any thing,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some

Some men compare
 The favourite fair
 To every thing in nature ;
 Her eyes divine
 Are suns that shine,
 And so on with each feature.

Leave, leave, ye fools,
 These hackneyed rules,
 And all such subtle quirkings,
 Sun, moon, and stars
 Are all a farce,
 Compared to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart
 That through my heart
 From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
 Were it a tree,
 Why I should be
 From all the world a forest ;
 Five hundred fops,
 With shrugs and hops,
 And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
 Most willing she
 Would leave for me,
 Oh what a Peggy Perkins.



S O N G.

Bachelor's Hall.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TO Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chase that makes up our
 delight ;

We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.

Did

Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase.
Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;
But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day
Was the squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a
grey.

Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch.
Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze from
the south,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
And for hounds, our opinions with thousand's we'd
back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a
pack.

Thus, having described you dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly reynard's brought home, while the horns sound a
call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall,
The

The fav'ry firloin grateful smoaks on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.
 Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that springs from the
 chase;
 Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

S O N G.

The Flowing Can.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late now early,
 Now up and down, now to and fro,
 What then he takes it cheerly :
 Blest with a smiling can of grog,
 If duty call,
 Stand, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog :

The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish ;
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head

The pond'rous anchor fish :
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, and laugh a little,
 And work a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas
 Give proof of coming danger
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger,
 Blest with the smiling grog, we fly,
 Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high;
 Spight of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief:
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.
 We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us!
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh:

The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display;
 The deck we clear,
 Then three-times cheer,
 As we their charms survey;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man:
 We sing a little, &c.

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

The Greenwich Pensioner.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

'T WAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground ;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore ;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore :
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightening hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier ;

The king, God blefs his royalty,
Who fav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THAT girl who fain would chuse a mate,
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars if fate
Should splice her to a sailer.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailer.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
She's sure will never fail her ;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailer.

If she be false, still he is kind,
And absent does bewail her,
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailer.

A butcher can procure her prog,
Three-threads to drink a tailor,
What's that to buiscuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her sailer.

She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her ;
Search round, and if your wife, you'll chuse
To wed an honest sailer.

SONG.

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I am a jolly fisherman,
 I catch what I can get,
 Still going on my betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net ;

Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
 Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,
 And many a time to market brought
 A dev'lish sight of odd fish.

Thus all are fishermen through life,
 With wary pains and labour,
 This baits with gold, and that a wife,
 And all to catch his neighbour ;

Then praise the jolly fisherman,
 Who takes what he can get,
 Still going on his betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
 Extends his greedy jaw,
 For all the world, as you and I,
 Have seen your man of law :

He who to laziness devotes
 His time, is sure a numb fish,
 And members who give silent votes
 May fairly be call'd dumb fish :

False friends to eels we may compare,
 The roach resembles true ones ;
 Like gold-fish we find old friends rare,
 Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praise, &c.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,
 And trapp'd, and sold, and bought;
 The old wife and the tender maid
 Are both with tickling caught,
 Indeed the fair are caught 'tis said,
 If you but throw the line in,
 With maggots, flies, or something red,
 Or any thing that's shining:
 With small fish you must lie in wait
 For those of high condition,
 But 'tis alone a golden bait
 Can catch a learn'd physician.
 Then praise, &c.

S O N G.

Poor Jack!

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
 A tight water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And t'ent to a little I'll strike;
 Though the tempest top gallant masts smack smooth-
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze every
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
 Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback,
 For they say there's a providence fits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers, what iingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch :

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow ;

For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that fits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
Why what a damn'd fool you must be !

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more :

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a trip :

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's ;

Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

XX

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE spangled green confess'd the morn,
The rose-bud dropt a tear,
And liquid prisms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy fought his dear;

Sure never loon was e'er so cross'd—
Ye shepherds swains impart,
Where did she gang? ah me! I've lost
The lass of my heart.

Her charms are felt as soon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem,
But of her beauties there's no end,
Why need I talk of them?

Each shepherd swain finds to his cost,
What power they can impart,
But most poor Sandy, who has lost
The lass of his heart.

But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief,
How could I rashly dare;
Oh I have sinn'd beyond relief,
'Gainst all that's sweet and rare:

But see, she comes! cease heart to bound,
Some comfort ah impart;
She smiles! ah shepherds I have found
The lass of my heart!

SONG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave,
Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleasure is the grave.

Then still to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But such as on reflection please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of every feast,
But gluttons so many drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast;

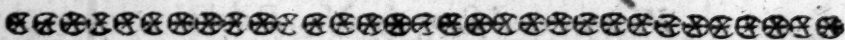
Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize;
What though your pleasures are but few,
They're such as on reflection please.

Love the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
Too often its own end destroys,
And proves the source of human ills.

Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell ease,
The real joys of life are few
But such as on reflection please.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honour to the heart,
And ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part.:

Meanwhile to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees,
Thus your enjoyments will be few
But such as on reflection please.



S O N G.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer,
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear :
In fight a lion, the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard ;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair-one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove,
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
Would it had been his love's fair hand !

Oh fate !—her death defac'd the letter,
Instant his pulse forgot to move,
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.

SONG.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn
Borrow a lustre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn,
Health bids awake, and homage pay
To him who gave another morn.

And, well with strength his nerves to braee,
Urges the sportsman to the chase.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds,
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds.

For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

Do we pursue the subtle fox,
Still let him break and rivers try,
Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall following fly;
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpitied shall the culprit die:

To quell his cruel, artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chase.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast, and first our country's lord,
Anxious who most shall do him right;
The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as fight—

For he who flights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chase.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Dibdin, and Sung at Sadler's Wells.

HOW kind and how good of his dear majesty,
In the midst of his matters so weighty,
To think of so lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with
each charm,
Say I have nothing to say t'ye,
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,
And one that will never say nay t'ye;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long past your
youth,
You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

S O N G.

In the Chelsea Pensioner.

TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines,
Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,
Her cheeks that shame the blushing rose.

Nor

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
 Her bosom white as Venus' dove,
 That made her my affection's queen,
 But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
 The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
 In turn for commendation vie,
 And justly the fir'd lover charm :

But transient these—the charm for life,
 Which reason ne'er shall disapprove,
 Which, truly, shall ensure a wife,
 Faithful and kind in filial love.

S O N G.

In Rose and Colin.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work,
 These little bobbins to and fro,
 How oft I've seen her fingers jirk,
 Her pretty fingers, white as snow.

Each object to me is so dear,
 My heart at sight on't throbbing goes ;
 'Twas here she sat her down, and here
 She told me she was Colin's Rose.

This peesey for her, when she's dress'd,
 I've brought, alas ! how happy I,
 Could I be, like these flowers, caress'd,
 And, like them on her bosom die,

The violet and pink I took,
 And every pretty flower that blows ;
 The rose too, but how mean 'twill look
 When by the side of my sweet Rose.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sung in Poor Vulcan.

COME, every man now give his toast,
Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the mistress I love most,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said my lad, ne'er let it stand,
I give my Chloe, nymph divine,
May love and wine go hand in hand ;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline ;
'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink :
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gemmen, I give my wife d'ye see ;
May all to make her blest combine,
So she be far enough from me :
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lads,
My boys and welcome ; here's the wine,
For my part, he who fills my glass
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away,
I have still one with yours to join ;
That we may have enough to pay ;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Seraglio.

THE little birds, as well as you,
 I've mark'd with anxious care,
 How free their pleasures they pursue,
 How void of every care,

But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
 Some constant to their loves :
 Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
 As tender, cooing doves ?

Birds have their pride, like human kind,
 Some on their notes presume,
 Some on their form, and some you'll find
 Fond of a gaudy plume.

Some love a hundred ; some you'll meet
 Still constant to their loves ;
 Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
 As tender, cooing doves ?

S O N G.

Sung in the Seraglio.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board ;
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song.

Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives,
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be.

Blow high, blow low, &c.

S O N G.

The Sweet Little Angel, — A Sequel to Poor Jack.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plow the salt
 deep,
 Alas ! I mayn't see him again ;
 In spite of all talking, I could not but weep,
 To help it I'm sure was in vain,
 To help it I'm sure was in vain ;
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,
 Saying, Poll, come my soul, it won't do,
 So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you ;
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
 From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that fits out of sight,
 There's a sweet little angel that fits out of sight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet.

Yet while he's at distance, each thought is employ'd,
 And nought can delight me on shore;
 I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
 And Jack I shall never see more;
 But then it's but fancy—that Angel above,
 Who can do such a wonder of things,
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sings,
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that fits out of fight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet Angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah! never, no never come back;
 But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt-water his grave;
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
 Or dread every turbulent wave,
 Besides, I will never kind Providence flight,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that fits out of fight,
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

I'VE known what it is to face a foe,
 Where death hath laid his hundreds low,
 What 'tis fatigues to undergo,
 That might appall our nature;
 Yet never was a truth more clear,
 That man's in danger, least in fear,
 Whose heart can shed a generous tear,
 T' relieve a fellow-creature.

I've

I've seen stout hearts of whom one wave,
Has in a moment made a grave,
Whose lives not all the world could save;

Then things affect our nature.
But not so much as when the heart,
Some ray of comfort to impart,
Swells up a generous tear to start,
T' relieve a fellow-creature.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sure the Girl is bewitch'd.

SUCH a Tomboy before I had enter'd my teens,
In spite of my Granny was I,
From my sampler and doll, and such babyish scenes,
For a good game at romps would I fly.
Tho' she dodg'd me, and watch'd me, defy'd, and
besought,

To quiet my rogue of a heart;
My legs were too light for my grandmother's
thoughts,

When my youth was a match for her art:
When she found her experience was thus over-reach'd,
She'd exclaim in a rage, sure the girl is bewitch'd.

She'd lecture me next, when my frock laid aside,
And bid me beware of the men;

But such lectures she knew I could never abide,
So I told her again and again.

Nay, oft in the midst, I'd break from her and laugh,
At such prudish dull maxims and stuff;

She always for me was too serious by half,

So I'd leave her alone in a huff:

When she found 'twas in vain that to me she preach'd,
She'd exclaim in a rage, sure the girl is bewitch'd.

Till I met with a lad whose face and whose chat,

With a thousand nice pleasantries mov'd;

Who told a long tale, I scarce knew about what,

Except 'twas to say that he lov'd;

Nor

Nor even from him no long speeches I'd hear,
 Tho' I lov'd him as dear as my life;
 Now we romp, dance, and frolic, each day of the
 year,
 He's as mad and as gay as his wife;
 Now my Granny may frown, since in vain she has
 preach'd,
 And the world if it pleases may think us bewitch'd.

S O N G.

While the Morn is inviting to Love.

THE fun when arising, bespangles the dew,
 And tints with his glory the skies:
 All nature's in motion—how charming the view,
 When day is beginning to rise!
 When day is beginning to rise!
 The morning is lovely, Maria, awake!
 Let us haste to the myrtle alcove,
 Or stray by the side of the chrystaline lake,
 While the morn is inviting to love,
 Or stray by the side of the chrystaline lake,
 While the morn is inviting to love,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy mind turn on me, in thy dreams in the night?
 Did I e'er to thy fancy appear?
 Did no fond idea thy bosom delight?
 Maria, unfold to my ear.
 Unseen, and unheard, you may tell it me now,
 Not a witness is near but the dove.
 Which mourns for its fate on the olive tree bough,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

The winter, Maria, will come on apace,
 As summer begins to depart;
 Come, then, in my bosom a confidence place,
 And speak the fond wish of my heart:

O let

O let us my fair, be united to day,
 And haste to the church in the grove,
 Not let us the pleasing occasion delay,
 While the morn is inviting to love.

S O N G.

The Maid of Martindale.

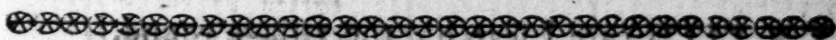
IN Martindale, a village fair,
 A damsel deigns to dwell,
 Whose looks are like a summer's day,
 Whose charms no tongue can tell:
 Whene'er I meet her on my way,
 Whene'er I meet her on my way,
 I tell my am'rous tale,
 Then heave a sigh, and softly say,
 Sweet maid of Martindale,
 Sweet maid of Martindale,
 Sweet maid of Martindale;
 Then heave a sigh, and softly say,
 Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
 From Hodge up to the 'Squire,
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain—
 All gaze, and all admire:
 Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
 That I should e'er prevail,
 Yet while I breath I'll think of thee,
 Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,
 To call this charmer mine,
 I'd live content in lowly cot,
 And pompous thoughts resign;

But

But if she scorns each heart felt sigh,
 And leaves me to bewail,
 For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
 Sweet maid of Martindale.



S O N G.

Selim's Complaint.

NIGHT o'er the world her curtain hung,
 The vale was silent, late so gay,
 The bird of night melodious sung,
 Her anthem at departing day ;
 When Selim on a bank reclin'd,
 Beneath a spreading willow-tree,
 Thus spoke the feelings of his mind,
 Oh ! Lucy, Lucy, Lucy,
 Shed one tear for me.
 Yes, had I all that Heaven could give—
 Were my possessions rich and great,
 Then for my Lucy would I live,
 Then at her feet a suppliant wait ;
 But since hand poverty's my lot,
 No hope remains to wed with thee,
 Thy beauties ne'er can grace my cot,
 " Oh ! Lucy shed one tear for me."

Depriv'd of all that life could bless,
 The torment life no more I crave,
 The hours that offers happiness,
 Is that which marks my hapless grave ;
 Be each fond wish enjoy'd of thine ;
 May Heaven protect and comfort thee ;
 The turf must press this head of mine,
 " Oh ! Lucy shed one tear for me."

SONG.

S. O. N. G.

Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

WITH care I search'd the village round,
 And many hamlets tried,
 At last a fair I haply found,
 Devoid of art and pride;
 In neat built cot it is her lot,
 A rustic life to lead,
 With tender care her lambkins rear,
 And watch her ewes at feed,
 Where Thames in silver current flows
 To beautify the scene,
 There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,
 There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,
 Her manner form'd to please,
 In mildness equal to the dove,
 With innocence and ease;
 To paint her face,
 Her form and grace,
 All words are weak and vain,
 Enough to tell
 She does excel
 The daughter of the main,
 Where Thames, &c.

When first this charmer I survey'd,
 With doubt my heart was fraught,
 Fancy the beauteous maid portray'd,
 A goddess to my thought;

In am'rous bliss,
 I stole a kiss,
 Which banish'd all alarms,
 Then joyful found
 My wishes crown'd,
 A mortal in my arms,

Where Thames in silver current flows,
 To beautify the scene,
 There blooms my fair, a blushing rose,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

S O N G.

Patty of the Mill.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the lily blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neigb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill:
 Each strove with all his rustic art,
 To soothe and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart, more true to love
 Than turtles when they bill;
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content, smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest, virtuous mind,

And

And guards it from all ill :
 Ye fair, for ever constant prove ;
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G.

The Disconsolate Sailor.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the
 wars,
 And the world it did frown at my fate ;
 What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
 When indifference stood at each gate.

That face that would smile when my purse was well
 lin'd,
 Shews a different aspect to me,
 And when I could naught but ingratitude find,
 I hied me again to the sea.

I thought 'twas unjust for to pine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
 I pack'd up my trifling remnants I'd got,
 And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw,
 Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd by far than my mind,
 And when the wide main I survey'd,
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And fortune a slippery jade.

I swear

I swear if once more I can take her in tow,
I'll let the ungrateful world see,
That the turbulent winds, and the billows could shew,
More kindness than they did to me.

A BUCK'S SONG.

WOULD you taste the perfume of the morn,
While the dew-drops bespangle the thorn;
Hark, away, when the sounds
Of the merry-mouth'd hounds
Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn;
Ere Phœbus with round ruddy face
The tops of the mountains shall grace,
To the sports of the day
Brother bucks, haste away,
Pursue with new vigour the chase.

It was Nimrod, the jovial and gay,
Who first taught us to hunt for the prey;
And with full-flowing bowls
To enliven our souls,
And joyously finish the day:
Due homage then pay to the shrine,
Pour mighty libations of wine;
Fill up to the brink,
To his mem'ry let's drink,
Proclaim our great founder, divine.

S O N G.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

Sung at Vauxhall.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair—
I'die for her and love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O may the choice be fix'd on me—
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

S O N G.

The Light of the Moon.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
The music of love in our ears.
Maria appears! now the season so sweet,
While the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh—can a lover do more;
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er:

Maria,

Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow:
Ye powers of the sky will your bounty divine,
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine
Alone by the light of the moon.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Sheridan.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
main;
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they may ne'er see again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind;
We think, but should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts, to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you:
O when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;

O

Think

Think only should that day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart, to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

S O N G.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a blast,
You must toss off your wine, if you'd wish it to last;
For this bubble may well be destroy'd with a puff,
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as Philosophers say,
'Tis a very good hint, understood the right way:
For if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

This life is more than a journey 'tis said,
Where the roads, for most parts, are confoundedly
bad;
Then let wine be our spur, and each trav'ler will own
That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre, liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the scene:
'Tis our part to get drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll
act.

S O N G.

Mary the Maid of the Mill.

Sung at Vauxhall.

LIKE dew-drops that hang on the rose,
The tears shone on Mary's fair cheek;
When William, to face our proud foes,
War and danger undaunted would seek.

He

He press'd her white-hand with a sigh,
 Then cry'd, Still remember poor Will;
 For constant I'll be, live or die,
 To Mary the maid of the mill.

Sad tidings too soon were convey'd,
 That William in battle was slain;
 And many that lov'd the fair maid,
 Now ventur'd to tell their soft pain.
 The 'squire would have made her his bride,
 But still she remember'd poor Will,
 'Till his death he was constant, she cry'd,
 And so shall his maid of the mill.

While his death the sad Mary had mourn'd,
 Great fame he'd atchiev'd in the wars;
 With riches and honour return'd,
 He wip'd from her eye the salt tears:
 Then led her to church as his wife,
 To repay her true love for poor Will;
 Now joy and delight cheer the life
 Of Mary, the maid of the mill.

S O N G.

Second Thoughts are Best.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Lubin was as blithe a lad,
 As ever trod the daisy'd plain;
 Each buxom virgin's heart was glad,
 Whene'er he tun'd his sylvan strain;
 Ah, when he cry'd, will Kate comply,
 That Lubin may be fully blest,
 You've promis'd long, O yes, says I,
 'Tis true, but second thoughts are best.

Now Lubin was a fightly swain,
Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,
And all the lasses of the plain,
Oft vy'd to make the shepherd kind.
But proud of conquest, female pride,
Looks lightly on the prize possesst;
So when he woo'd, I still reply'd,
No, Lubin, second thoughts are best.

I found my vain coquettish heart,
Eclips'd the hope of future joy;
For oh! it vex'd me to the heart,
To see him with my rival toy.
By prudence taught, I blush'd consent,
And yielding to his fond request,
Well pleas'd to church with Lubin went,
Convinc'd that second thoughts are best.

S O N G.

And drew the Sweet Roses of Pleasure between.

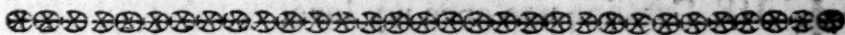
Sung by Mr. Page, at Vauxhall.

IF life's a rough path as the sages have said,
With flints and with weeds and with briers bespread,
When the scorpions of envy and adders of hate,
Conceal'd in close ambush to wound us await;
It surely is wisdom to soften the scene,
By strewing the roses of pleasure between.

Yes, Nature intended that man should be blest,
Since the social affections she thorn'd in his breast;
And he as morosely wou'd mar her design,
Deserves in a desert for ever to pine,
Without one gay vision his soul to serene,
Or strew the sweet roses of pleasure between.

Then

Then crown me the goblet, that soother of care,
 And call wit and beauty the banquet to share;
 Bid that o'er my reason, and this o'er my sense,
 The charms of their heart-touching magic dispense;
 To fling o'er life's path a soft carpet of green,
 And strew the sweet roses of pleasure between.



S O N G.

Colin of the Vale.

WHERE rolls the silver Severn tide,
 Amid the flow'ry meads,
 Where lofty trees and landscape wide,
 To rural pleasures leads.
 There oft I meet a gentle youth,
 Who tells a tender tale,
 The love, the tenderness and truth,
 Of Colin of the vale.

My youthful heart he tries to gain,
 My bosom takes his part;
 The fairest youth that trips the green,
 Yet with a constant heart.
 As true to him I'll surely be,
 Such worth must soon prevail,
 No other lad is dear to me,
 But Colin of the vale.

When next we meet, I'll own my love,
 And soon shall be his bride,
 I'm only coy his love to prove,
 And not from foolish pride.
 But now I know the constant youth,
 His love will soon prevail;
 At church I'll own my love and truth,
 For Colin of the vale.

S O N G.

Caroline of Dartmouth.

FAIR Caroline was once my love,
And I was all to her ;
My state I thought ev'n kings above,
While she did me prefer.

To deck her in each costly gown,
I list'd in the war ;
And bade adieu to Dartmouth town,
To try my fate afar.

I brav'd the hottest of the fight,
As was a soldier's due ;
Convinc'd my country's cause was right,
And many a foe I slew.

At last kind Peace her olive wav'd,
And Dartmouth town I sought ;
And many a gem in plunder sav'd,
To Caroline I brought.

But she refus'd my hard-got means,
And deem'd my visit bold ;
For love the boast of happier scenes -
Was barter'd since for gold.

Adieu, false Caroline, adieu,
'Tis hard with life to part ;
But harder still to think that you
Should break a soldier's heart.

SONG.

S O N G.

Kate of the Dale.

THE matchless attractions of Kate of the dale,
 Through the village had caus'd an alarm;
 And as rumour will travel, the innocent tale,
 Reach'd a youth at a neighbouring farm.
 Few acres and small was the flock he possess'd,
 And the thought made him almost despair;
 Yet in fault'ring confusion his love he express'd,
 'Twas encourag'd by smiles from the fair.

The consent of her father she fain would have ask'd,
 But a painful denial she fear'd,
 Hence the wish of her heart was unhappily mask'd,
 At a time when it might have appear'd.
 The bright charms of her face now faded with grief,
 Her soft eyes told the excess of her woe;
 From the torture of love she could find no relief,
 That love which she could not forego.

Sunk at length in despair, and resign'd to her fate,
 The maid, who with death long had strove,
 Fell a martyr to truth, but the grave form'd for Kate,
 Ere 'twas clos'd, held the youth of her love.
 From the hour of her fate was the shepherd at rest,
 Nor long were their spirits apart;
 For the arrow of Death as it enter'd her breast,
 Found a passage to Lionel's heart.

S O N G.

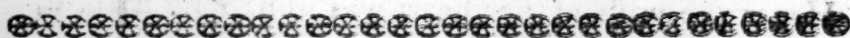
Patty the Girl of my Heart.

NO wonder, no wonder, I am now seen to grieve,
 Who was wont to be lively and smart;
 Nor can any my sorrows relieve,
 But Patty, the girl of my heart.

Her absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,
Nor my pangs of distress to impart
To the world, till I gain a return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

With an anxious impatience I burn,
And sooner with life wou'd I part;
Than wait in suspense the return,
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

But she hastens and forbids me to mourn,
Nay, she tells me she'll near again part,
And I no bless the happy return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.



S O N G.

When Youth blossom'd on me.

WHEN youth blossom'd on me, no maiden was
seen,
So handsome, so witty, so gay at fifteen;
'Twas then the fine sparks of the highest degree,
Came fawning, and wooing, and begging to me:
I bless'd with a smile, with a frown I could kill,
My lovers all try how to humour my will.

At fifteen, I had fifteen fond suitors or more,
At twenty, I dare say, not less than a score;
But having entangled their hearts in my net,
Determin'd in future to play the coquette:
And when they entreated, my answer was still,
Indeed, Sir, not now, when it suits me, I will.

My prudence I thought would reward well my pains,
If an increase of years, brought an increase of swains;
Disap-

Disappointed, I find all my lovers drop off,
 My rivals all jeer, and exultingly scoff:
 Believe then, fair maidens, in this maxim still,
 If you won't when you can, you cannot when you will.

S O N G.

Scotch Laughing Song.

YOUNG Jockey I vow was the bonniest lad,
 That e'er tun'd a pipe on the banks of the Tay;
 Each grace that delighted from nature he had,
 Tho' frolicsome, modest; tho' diffident, gay.
 But pride in my bosom assum'd a controul,
 Compelling soft Love for a time to withdraw;
 And when he assay'd to unbosom his soul,
 Coquetish I flounc'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

In language persuasive the shepherd oft try'd,
 In vain to convince me how ardent his flame,
 For still his fond suit with disdain I deny'd,
 But soon found a cause my demeanour to blame.
 One eve thro' the grove as they wantonly stray'd,
 With Kate in soft converse my lover I saw;
 Then jealousy stung me, which pleas'd he survey'd,
 And carelessly jogg'd on with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

A cloud of despair now envelop'd my mind,
 Contrition did forely my conduct upbraid;
 As droops the parch'd rose so my beauty's declin'd,
 Which Jockey perceiving soon flew to my aid.
 To church then he led me and made me his bride,
 I freely confess that his will was my law:
 By Hymen united all folly aside,
 We chearfully join'd in the ha, ha, ha, ha.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G.

Sandy of the Green.

NOW spring her sweets discloses,
 And flow'rets deck the grove ;
 I'll make with sweetest roses,
 A garland for my love.
 The flow'rs that scent the air,
 Are not sa blooming seen,
 Are not sa sweeter and fair,
 As Sandy of the Green.

Na lad can blink sa blith and gay,
 Na lad that e'er was seen,
 Sa sweetly on the pipe can play,
 As Sandy of the Green.

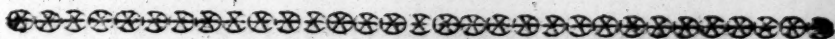
As o'er the bourn a maying,
 I lately bent my way,
 I met young Sandy straying,
 Wi' lads and lasses gay :
 I felt delight and pleasure,
 To view his thape and mien ;
 Sure then my only treasure
 Is Sandy of the Green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,
 The kirk shall make us one ;
 All other lasses he'll resign,
 And live for me alone :
 There's sa much joy in store for me,
 I envy not the queen ;
 While I am blest wi' love and thee,
 Dear Sandy of the Green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Miss George.

'T WAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd,
The beauteous lovelorn Kate;
She had no friend to soothe her mind,
But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,
Far from his native shore;
In tears she wept her sorrows free,
Lest he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live-long day,
For dangers he may prove;
While sorrow mark'd her lonely way,
With firm unshaken love.

Tho' hope oft bade her cares to cease,
And check'd the falling tear;
Yet, ah, in vain the hours of peace,
Appear'd no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,
So fades the new-blown rose;
When tempests and rude winds assail,
Their sweets no more disclose.

Then farewell, Kate, let pity cheer,
And soothe thee with address;
So may each future day appear,
One scene of happiness.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, at Vauxhall.

NO more shall Harry fling the bar,
Or wrestle on the green;
Or on the village festival
Proclaim his May-day queen.
To throw the coit, let others learn,
In vain to please I try;
What's all my rustic fame and skill,
When still I painful sigh,

Cruel, cruel, Peggy.

Like yonder once sweet tender tree,
Our thriving loves appear'd;
To fence it from the season's bane,
No labour has been spar'd,
But, stubborn to the planter's hand,
There grew no golden fruit;
The nursling choak'd with foreign weeds,
Will perish at the root,

Cruel, cruel, Peggy.

In infancy our prattling tongues
Lisp'd friendship, joy, and love;
The fabric that affection rear'd,
Ambition will remove.
There must be magic sure in gold,
To make you prove untrue;
No magic can my joys restore,
Depriv'd of love and you,

Cruel, cruel, Peggy.

SONG.



S O N G.

The Matrimonial Receipt.

COME lasses and list to my song,
 A good matrimonial receipt;
 In chusing you'll never be wrong,
 I'll mark you the lover complete.
 For spite of your blushes I know,
 A lover is never amiss;
 The lass that's most apt to say, No,
 Is sometimes inclin'd to say, Yes.

If fond of red coat and cockade,
 I pray let this hint be enough;
 A man that makes fighting his trade,
 Thinks he ne'er can have fighting enough;
 The coxcomb all tinsel and show,
 The rake is a stranger to bliss,
 Be sure still to answer them, No,
 However inclin'd to say, Yes.

Your wits are more noisy than great,
 Avoid all these knowing ones, pray;
 Your fools are too fond of their prate,
 Tho' in fact they have nothing to say.
 But the lad who is honest and kind,
 Who in constancy places his bliss;
 When he asks, if to love you're inclin'd,
 Be honest enough to say, Yes.

S O N G.

Charming Kitty.

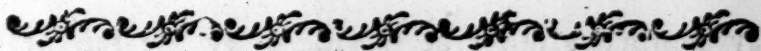
THO' many a nymph may claim my song,
 For shape, and grace, and features handsome ;
 Yet Kate such charms to thee belong,
 As well is worth a monarch's ransom.
 And had I India's wealth in store,
 I'd shun with joy the court or city,
 And live sequester'd ever more,
 With thee sweet maid, my charming Kitty.

I many an acre Kate can boast,
 Large tracts of land and golden treasure ;
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure.
 For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,
 The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty ;
 If thou'lt be mine and only mine,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate,
 Lay by thy crook, each care give over,
 And let me henceforth on thee wait,
 A task, how pleasant to a lover.
 My life I'll dedicate to thee,
 And sing thee oft a tender ditty ;
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty:



TOASTS



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY the blossoms of friendship never be nip'd in the bud.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never shed a tear for its own.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

May the grammar of life be construed without the accidents.

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.

May the King always differ from a vicar's horse, not be guided by a minister.

When we fish for content, may we never want a bait:
The love of liberty, and the liberty of love.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

Punch in perfection.—The waters of life amended by the spirit of content, and the acid of the present hour corrected by the sweets of the future.

May the turnpike road to happiness be free from toll bars, and the bye ways furnished with guide posts.

May every mirror we look at cast an honest reflection.

May friendship be enliven'd by good humour, but never wounded by wit.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May

TOASTS, &c.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

Honour's best employment.—The protection of innocence.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the King live to reward the subject that would die for him.

May the road of preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

May avarice lose his purse, and benevolence find it.

The first tribute due to Friendship—Gratitude.

May the liberal hand have free access to the purse of plenty.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without conceit.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May the impulse of Generosity never be check'd by the power of Necessity.

May the spirit of contradiction be laid asleep, while conviviality and good humour are enlivened by the juice of the vine.

May we ever keep the whip hand of our enemies.

May every succeeding year strengthen our friendships, and increase our prosperity.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged so to be.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity.

The

TOASTS, &c.

The honest fellow who loves his bottle at night, and
his business in the morning.
The cause of liberty throughout the world.
May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.
May the honest heart never feel distress.
Pleasures that please on reflection.
Virtue for a guide, and Fortune for an attendant.
May Reason be the pilot, when Passion blows the gale.
Those who love pleasure and contribute to it.
The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.
May we never feel want, nor ever want feeling.
May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser
abuses.
The honest fellow that speaks his mind as freely when
he is sober, as when he is drunk.
May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are
sober.
May we draw upon Content for the deficiencies of
Fortune.
Every thing of Fortune but her instability.
May Hope be the physician, when Calamity is the
disease.
May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to its
flowers.
May we always look forward to better things, but
never be discontented with the present.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
Love to one, friendship to few, and good-will to all.
Love without fear, life without care.
May the single be married, and the married happy.
May hemp bind those whom honour cannot.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.

TOASTS, &c.

- May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.
- May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.
- May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.
- May the enemies of England never eat the bread thereof.
- May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.
- May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.
- May temptation never conquer virtue.
- May we be rich in friends, rather than money.
- May he who wants friendship also want friends.
- May we never know sorrow but by name.
- May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
- May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
- May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.
- May we never swear a tradesman out of his due, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.
- May we always have a friend, and know his value.
- May they never want, who have spirit to spend.
- May he that made the devil take us all.
- May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.
- May we never want a friend when we have not a bottle to give him.
- May the friends we love be sincere, and the country we live in be free.
- May we never taste the apples of affliction.

More

TOASTS, &c.

- More friends and less need of them.
Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of Old England.
Plenty to a generous mind.
Provision to be unprovided.
Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.
Success to the foil, the fleece, and the flail.
Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
May prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good, cement the people of England.
The king to the laws, and the church to the bible.
The pleasures of imagination realized.
Our country, and may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.
Harmony all over the world.
May every day be happier than the last.
The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
Good luck till we are tired of it.
May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.
May our pleasant thoughts be guilt with modest expressions.
May we be happy when alone, and chearful when in company.
May our virtue be healthy without the physic of calamity.
The sweets of sensibility without the bitters.
May every honest man turn out a rogue.
May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

A hearty

TOASTS, &c.

A hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed, to
the man who fights the battles of his country.

May we never desire what we cannot obtain.

May we be roused, but not rendered desperate by
calamity.

May we fly from the temptations which we cannot
resist.

May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our
assailant.

May fortune recover her eye-sight, and be just in the
distribution of her favours.

The majesty of the people of England.

May the influence of the crown be demolished in its
own corruption, and the liberties of the people
revive in their own spirit.

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought
about the revolution, and may a similar spirit
actuate their descendants.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of
sincerity.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the heart.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship,
crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the god-
dess contentment.

May the regard we have for our own characters deter
us from injuring others.

May we take reason and patience in the right hand,
and hope in the left.

A speedy exportation to all the enemies of Britain,
without a drawback.

FINIS.



